

Sports Illustrated

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THE OLYMPICS

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Six years ago this week, in this space, we told you to call him Kirshenbaum, not Ishmael. What we forgot to mention was the first name of our seafaring man at the America's Cup trials in Newport, R.I. He has long since returned to dry land, and it's probably time we repaired the oversight, you can call him Jerry. Anchored hard by his midtown Manhattan desk, Jerry Kirshenbaum can't even see the Hudson River, which is just as well. He's been keeping busy enough for the past year editing our SCORECARD section.

"SCORECARD is like having your own magazine within a magazine," Kirshenbaum says. "You have all the aspects of sports to choose from." His choices have run from silliness to scandal: one recent SCORECARD featured an item about a Boy Scout auction of elk antlers that inadvertently provided fodder

Kirshenbaum has a journalism degree from Northwestern and an M.A. in political science from Michigan. He wrote for TIME from 1966 to '69, when he joined SI. As our swimming writer for seven years, Kirshenbaum traveled to Australia, South America and a number of cities in the U.S. and Europe. At the world championships in West Berlin two years ago, he was faced with a calamity: the Hotel Kempinski had lost his laundry. As it turned out, Kirshenbaum's clean clothing had been sent not to his room, 1045, but to Room 1148, in which a Richard Burton was registered. Kirshenbaum suggested to the hotel manager that a simple phone call to Mr. Burton might produce the clothes. "Nem, nein," the manager told Kirshenbaum. "Mr. Burton cannot be disturbed." Two days later Kirshenbaum finally got his parcel. "It's funny,"

he says, "but I never knew that Burton was such a sock fetishist."

Although the mechanics of running the SCORECARD department keep him largely in New York, where he lives with his wife, Susan, and son, David, 9, Kirshenbaum occasionally manages to get out and "write from experience." Last fall he attended a Vikings-Bears game in Chicago and was struck by the fact that all 53,231 spectators seemed to be using binoculars. "But not to watch the game," Kirshenbaum says. "The fans were watching the cheerleaders more than the players." So Kirshenbaum phoned a manufacturer of binoculars and was told that sales were up, and that cheerleaders were the reason. Thus was born a SCORECARD item.

Kirshenbaum leaves next week on another working trip. "I shouldn't have any problems with my laundry," he says. "Richard Burton's working on Broadway these days."



KIRSHENBAUM, HE'S JERRY ON YOUR SCORECARD

for the Oriental aphrodisiac trade, and another piece focused on an alleged boxing rig in Miami. His meat-and-potatoes comment has included 16 reports on the Olympic boycott.

Kirshenbaum obtains his SCORECARD material from a variety of sources. SI correspondents file reports on local stories that might be worth passing on to a wider audience. Kirshenbaum himself combs nine daily newspapers in search of leads for items. Also, fellow staffers often submit material that doesn't quite fit elsewhere in the magazine but is perfect for SCORECARD.

Philip D. Harter

"You hear the roadhouse before you see it—the amplified four-four beat of country music pounding like surf through the woods, silencing the bullfrogs, setting the beards of Spanish moss dancing on the trees that fringe the two-lane blacktop. The parking lot is jammed with pickups, most of them costly 4-WDs with customized paint jobs. Men reel and glare and slosh beer on themselves as they stagger around the veranda—skinny, sunburnt men in Levi's and workshirt, with scuffed cowboy boots and baseball caps cocked back on their foreheads to reveal the badge of the farmer: that blached expanse of skin where the cap has shaded the face, babyhood pallor above the sun-blackened snoose-bulging jaws. Half shot with drink, they wear the faces of Confederate dead in Mathew Brady photographs."

Where did this appear? The New Yorker? Harper's? Rolling Stone? No, it's from *Nowhere Fast* by Robert F. Jones, a piece about Oakland's Kenny Stabler in *Sports Illustrated*, where the people in sports are as fascinating as the games they play.

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IT'S FOR YOU

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

LAST CALL FOR 31-YEAR-OLD FROSH

A new rule intended to curb the influx of foreign athletes into U.S. colleges goes into effect next week. The rule, enacted at the NCAA convention last January in New Orleans, specifies that starting on Aug. 1, athletes entering Division I schools will forfeit a year of eligibility for each year of their age beyond 20. The rule applies to everybody, Americans included, but the number of homegrown athletes who enter college after 20 is relatively small. The main targets are overseas athletes from abroad who have been a major force at recent NCAA track and field championships.

The new eligibility rule is riddled with loopholes. To allow for careers disrupted by illness or for other reasons, no eligibility is lost for any year in which over 20 athletes were inactive. Also exempted are years in which athletes were in military service; this will benefit Konyan trackmen, who usually have logged time in the army. Finally, the rule doesn't apply to athletes already enrolled in school, such as shotputter Hreinn Halldorsson of Iceland, a 31-year-old freshman this past year at Alabama.

But the rule change is certainly better than nothing. While it would be xenophobic to ban the recruitment of all foreign stars, whose presence in the college ranks benefits up-and-coming Americans by exposing them to tougher competition—and contributes at least something to international goodwill—the recruitment of overseas foreigners is another matter. They tend to be seasoned performers who have an unfair advantage over younger Americans both on the track and in the scramble for scholarships. The new measure will have served its purpose if it eventually cuts into the number of 31-year-old freshmen imported to compete for U.S. schools.

RICH KID

While some of her classmates at Rolling Hills (Calif.) High School mow lawns, deliver newspapers and baby-sit to earn

pocket money, Tracy Austin is going after somewhat bigger loot next week in the Wells Fargo Tennis Open in San Diego. If Tracy beats her first-round opponent, she'll win \$1,100, and a second-round victory will be worth \$1,000 more. With \$998,677 to her credit going into the tournament, that would put her over the \$1 million mark in career earnings, not bad for somebody who turned professional 21 months ago and is still four months shy of her 18th birthday. By contrast, Chris Evert was nearly 22 when, in 1976, she became the first woman pro to win \$1 million.

SABAN & SABIN

Over the years, Lou Saban has been head football coach of Case Institute, Northwestern, Western Illinois, the Boston Patriots, the Buffalo Bills, Maryland, the Denver Broncos, the Buffalo Bills (again), the University of Miami and Army and has also held various administrative jobs, including the athletic directorship at the University of Cincinnati for all of 19 days in 1976. Saban was fired from a couple of those jobs but most of the time he quit, sometimes with years left on his contract. But when he abruptly resigned last week from West Point after completing just one year of a five-year contract, the 58-year-old Saban insisted that if he seemed like a bit of a rolling stone, it was only because his peregrinations have been so public. "A lot of people move to improve their positions," he told SI's Bob Sullivan. "How many times have you moved?"

Saban may have a point. As it happens, his entry in the latest edition of *Who's Who in America* takes up only 18 lines, while the one on Dr. Albert Sabin on the very next page requires 34 lines to relate that the famed polio researcher has worked at eight institutions and been a consultant at several more. Of course, Sabin lasted a bit longer than Saban at Cincinnati, where he settled down long enough to be a professor of pediatrics for 32 years.

DUTCH TREAT

You've heard of doubleheaders, double dribbles and double coverage, but how about Double Dutch? That's a style of rope jumping in which not one, but two ropes are used. Two turners swing the ropes in opposite directions, eggbeater style, so that they touch the ground alternately, while one or more other participants jump through the resulting blur of whirling strands. Double Dutch has been popular with generations of nimble-footed American schoolgirls, especially on the sidewalks of big cities.

Now, thanks to a New York City police detective named David Walker, Double Dutch has gone big-time. In 1973, as-



signed to community relations work in Harlem, Walker was looking for an activity for girls and remembered his sister's childhood absorption in Double Dutch. He enlisted the cooperation of schools and community centers and eventually received financial support from Mobil Oil Corp. The results have been startling. The American Double Dutch League now has 50,000 participants from the fifth through the 12th grades. In the recent seventh annual World Invitational Double Dutch Championship at Manhattan's Lincoln Center Fountain Plaza, there were 120 finalists, including entrants from Hartford and Washington, D.C., where organized Double Dutch has caught on in a big way, too.

Under championship Double Dutch rules, winners are determined in both singles (two turners and one jumper) and doubles (two turners and two jumpers) on the basis of several factors. One is

continued

speed, a top team being able to get in 300 or more jumps in the allotted two minutes. Competitors are also judged, as in gymnastics or diving, on compulsory routines and on freestyle tricks during which jumpers can twist batons, do handstands or perform other unlikely tricks. As breathlessly choreographed and performed by such teams as Brooklyn's Rope Rippers, Hartford's Jumping Magic and Manhattan's Fantastic Four (the winners of this year's high school division in both singles and doubles), the intricate routines leave onlookers literally gasping.

Describing Double Dutch competition as "kind of a free expression on the streets," Walker attributes its acceptance as an organized sport among inner-city youngsters to the fact that it uses little space or equipment (though he also says, "It's a shocking reality that a lot of the kids can't afford sneakers") and to the fact that "the mothers can relate to it, because they played it themselves." While Double Dutch remains an activity mostly for girls, an exception is 11-year-old Peter Holloman, who made it to the finals as a member of Brooklyn's Jumping Joints and says firmly, "I think it's all right for boys to jump Double Dutch, too."

PIKE FIXE

The biggest bargain in baseball is offered at Montreal's 59,984-seat Olympic Stadium, where 6,600 general-admission tickets go on sale for every Expo game for \$1. That's \$1 in Canadian currency, the equivalent of 87¢ U.S., cheapest ticket in the majors. The seats are situated in the lower deck, beyond each of the foul poles, but fans occupying them will enjoy an unobstructed view of Nolan Ryan if, as expected, baseball's highest-paid player takes the mound when the Astros come to town this weekend. Thus, they'll be seeing a million-dollar-a-year performer for 87¢, and where in these inflationary times can you top that?

TRAILBLAZER

In 1954 a Chicago team reached the finals of the Illinois state high school basketball championships for the first time. The DuSable High Panthers were an all-black team with a black coach, then a rarity in an integrated U.S. school system. In Illinois, schoolboy basketball had long been dominated by teams, consisting almost entirely of whites, from the southern part of the state. Segregation in basketball had only recently begun to break down; four

years earlier a former DuSable star, Nat (Sweetwater) Clifton, had become one of the first two black players (Chuck Cooper was the other) in the NBA.

DuSable's pioneering team met trouble at every turn. During the trip to the state tournament in Champaign, the players were refused service at a restaurant and had to eat hamburgers on their bus. In Champaign they were similarly rebuffed when they tried to enter a local pool hall. While attending the tournament, the man who had coached DuSable the year before was critically injured in an auto accident. The Panthers were meanwhile routing their first three tournament opponents, raising their record to 31-0, but their playground style prompted one downstate coach to sniff, "DuSable ain't nothin' but a five-ring circus." In the finals against perennial power Mount Vernon, DuSable led 70-69 with barely two minutes left, but its players were called for a costly series of fouls and traveling violations; all told, three starters fouled out. DuSable lost 76-70. On the sad trip back to Chicago, the team bus collided with a car.

Some DuSable players bitterly blamed their loss in Champaign on the officiating. To make amends for whatever wrongs may have been done them, the Illinois High School Coaches Association inducted the '54 Panthers into its Hall of Fame in 1974, citing them for having pioneered the fastbreak and full-court press and tearing down racial barriers.

But the '54 Panthers have continued to be snakebitten. One of the team's 10 members, Gene Howard, was shot to death while being robbed of \$50 in the early '70s, and another, McKinley Cowen, died of cancer. Then there was Shellee McMillon, the leading scorer in the 1954 tournament. McMillon started at Bradley and played four years in the NBA but suffered emotional and marital problems and wound up doing odd jobs and living on disability benefits. In a recent book on the '54 team, *The DuSable Panthers*, Ira Berkow recounts the time McMillon (who was given a fictitious name in the book) went to the home of a former DuSable teammate and presented him with two record albums. The friend gave McMillon \$20 in return. As the friend explained, "I paid double their worth because I knew [he] needed the money but was too proud to ask." Last week it was reported that the 44-year-old McMillon had been found dead in

bed by his mother, apparently the victim of a heart attack. The coach of the 1954 team, Jim Brown, told of having bumped into McMillon on a Chicago street two weeks earlier: "He kept talking about how the refs robbed us in Champaign, and I told him, 'You've got to forget the past, Shellee.' But he couldn't. He was haunted by that tournament to the end."

WHERE THE STORK RACES CRANES

Hilton Head, that comfortable little island paradise off the South Carolina coast, staged a welcome-home party the other day for two of its most prominent and peripatetic citizens, Evonne Goolagong and Stan Smith. To celebrate their surprising successes at Wimbledon—Goolagong's second singles title there came nine years after her first, while Smith reached the Wimbledon doubles final with partner Bob Lutz eight years after he won the men's singles—3,000 of the island's residents gathered at the beach, where bands played and telegrams were read, including a couple from Messrs. Carter and Reagan.

Goolagong and Smith were chauffeured to the party by novelist John Jakes and were presented with sketches of their children—Kelly Cawley, 3, and Ramsey Smith, almost 2—by illustrator Joe Bowler. Jakes and Bowler are also Hilton Head residents. Proceeds from refreshments went toward construction of an obstetrics unit for the local hospital, a project of interest to Evonne and Margie Smith, because both had to leave Hilton Head to give birth to their children. Mrs. Cawley is hopeful the next time she's ready, the hospital will be, too. Mrs. Smith isn't so confident. Ground has not yet been broken for the building, and she's already four months pregnant.

THEY SAID IT

- Abe Lemoes, University of Texas basketball coach, explaining how he missed winning an automobile during a golf tournament by just two strokes: "It was a hole-in-one contest and I had a three."
- Ted Giannoulis, the man who portrays The Chicken, asked if his costume was uncomfortable during the nationwide heat wave: "If you can't stand the heat, stay out of The Chicken."
- George Archer, professional golfer, reflecting on what his sport means to him: "If it wasn't for golf, I'd probably be a caddy today."

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Sports Illustrated

JULY 28, 1999

ONLY THE BEARS



WERE BULLISH

The glittering opening ceremony of the Moscow Olympics was tarnished by the 62-nation boycott, symbolic protests of 16 participating countries and bad vibes in the Village

by RON KAPRITZ



Continued

It was almost as if some mad choreographer had decided to introduce a little comic relief into the grand spectacle of the XXII Olympic Games' opening ceremony last Saturday in Moscow's Lenin Central Stadium. The brilliantly costumed national teams, each preceded by a Soviet woman holding an identifying placard and by a flag bearer, would pass in review—the Indian men an orange headdress, the Cuban women entirely in red, the Ethiopians in ceremonial robes—and then along would come a Dick Palmer, a solitary English gentleman in a blue blazer, carrying only the Olympic flag, leading no one, ap-



continued

pearing for all the world like a chap on an afternoon stroll who found himself in the midst of a, to him, incomprehensible procession from which he was unable to extricate himself.

But it was a chilling solemnity, not comedy, that Palmer, secretary to the British Olympic Association, and his fel-

low lonely strollers added to what is traditionally a joyous occasion. In the final accounting, 16 of the 81 competing nations in these diminished Games refused to carry their national flags into the stadium as a token protest against Soviet intervention in Afghanistan and, as Palmer would say later, "the exploitation of the Games for nationalistic purposes." Significantly—though not surprisingly—the team from Afghanistan, reduced to 17 members through defection, and death, received one of the louder ovations of the long day.

The mute protest of the 16 nations brought home the reality of the Games. Half of them left their teams behind in the Olympic Village; seven were represented only by Games functionaries, and Palmer was Great Britain's sole marcher. "A lonely thing out there," he said. Five men marched for New Zealand, but they carried a black flag on which the olive branch of peace and the five interlocking rings of the Olympic emblem were superimposed in white. The New Zealanders marched to murmurs, not cheers.

Still, these teams were in Moscow, many of them in defiance of the wishes of their governments. Sixty-two nations, including, of course, the United States, refused to participate. The boycott inspired by President Carter may not have succeeded as he had hoped, but the absence of athletes from the U.S., West Germany, Canada and Japan has made the Games little more than an Eastern bloc party, intelligence which the Soviet organizers have tried mightily to suppress.

The Olympic flags carried by the protesting nations were not shown on Russian television, and if no team followed the flag bearer, as with Palmer and the British, the camera moved deftly to the next contingent. The only note of Palmer's action was taken by the Soviet TV commentator, who said, "There is the clumsy plot that you all can see, against the traditions of the Olympic movement." He also remarked that Palmer's form of protest was linked to the U.S. boycott, carried out by "nations in conflict with their governments."

Lord Killanin, outgoing president of the International Olympic Committee,



The Afghan team, depleted by defection as well as death, got a warm welcome in Lenin Stadium



The U.S. may not have been represented in the procession, but Old Glory did turn up in the stands

did persist in raising the unmentionable issue from time to time. In welcoming the participants and officials in the opening ceremonies, he reserved special commendation for "those who have shown their complete independence to travel to compete despite many pressures placed on them." And earlier in the week, at the opening session of the IOC meetings in Moscow, he advised the delegates that "I deeply regret that many athletes, either through political dictation or the dictates of their own consciences, are not here with us at the Games. Let me stress again... that I believe the athlete is frequently the victim of sports administrators." Killianin also jabbed at Carter when he said, "If football and baseball had been in the Olympic Games, perhaps we would not have had a boycott." But Killianin, who will pass the presidential torch, as it were, to Spain's Juan Antonio Samaranch when the Moscow Games conclude, could not have objected to the protesting flag bearers, for he, too, has long objected to the nationalism rampant in the Olympics.

In Moscow, the Olympic defections were scarcely mentioned, as if by ignoring them they would, in a sense, go away. And yet the people knew. A young teacher from the Ukraine was asked on a chilly evening in Red Square if he understood why the U.S. had boycotted the Games. "Yes. There is a discrepancy between the policies of President Carter and our government," he replied in perfect English. And what is that discrepancy? "Afghanistan."

The week of the opening ceremonies in an Olympic city is generally an occasion for high excitement, considerable agitation, much confusion and unbeat-

able traffic. But Moscow was more like a ghost town. The comparatively few citizens who did appear on the streets seemed subdued and joyless. Traffic on most thoroughfares was light, and there was elbow room on the sidewalks. As with all things in a nation run by planners, the Olympic calm came off the drawing board. By design, Moscow will be lighter by some two million residents during the 16 days of the Games; Muscovites were "encouraged" to take vacations out of town in the Olympic weeks, and a vastly increased summer-camp program has made the city virtually childless.

Normally, Moscow's population in summer increases by 1.5 to two million as tourists come in from other parts of the U.S.S.R. But Soviet citizens who are not on official business are being turned away at various checkpoints on roads leading into the capital. Private cars are also barred from the center lanes of Moscow streets so that Olympic traffic may pass unhindered. What remains is a city where about two million residents have cleared out and a like number of tourists have been kept out. What would normally be a teeming midsummer metropolis of 10 million has suddenly become a much more manageable community of six million.

Some of the population deficit was to have been filled by foreign Gamesgoers, particularly those intrepid camerawielding globe-trotters from the U.S., West Germany and Japan. The city had anticipated some 500,000 visitors during

the Olympics, 300,000 of them non-Soviet. Now fewer than 200,000 foreigners are expected. This could cost the Russians more than \$150 million in hard currency spent. Americans alone were supposed to number about 30,000, but there were probably no more than a thousand or two in the city last week, and they made themselves notably scarce, perhaps out of embarrassment. Two young women from Connecticut, encountered outside the Kremlin, said they had made their travel plans so long ago they were reluctant to change them.

Thomas Watson, the U.S. Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., left Moscow two days

continued



A lone Englishman, Dick Palmer, asked the Soviets by carrying the Olympic flag, not the Union Jack



continued

before the Games and will not return until they are completed; 12 other ambassadors also departed in protest, including Britain's and Japan's Peter Ueberroth, president of the Olympic Organizing Committee for the 1994 Games in Los Angeles, left a day after Watson. He was in town to answer the IOC's questions regarding his city's preparedness for the next Olympics. He did so to the committee's satisfaction, he said. "Our budget of half a billion dollars is raised, mostly through television rights, merchandising and ticket sales," said Ueberroth, 42, a former travel-bus-

ness tycoon. "And the Russians have insisted they are coming." He and his seven-member entourage did not stay for the Games because, as he said, "I didn't think it would be appropriate. Let's put it this way, the [U.S.] government didn't discourage our visit here, but didn't encourage it either."

The Americans and other foreign tourists who have come to the Olympics have been treated with uncommon courtesy by the Muscovites who have stayed behind. This, too, is the result of planning. The government has emphasized to its people that while Russians are accustomed to getting the cold shoulder from waiters and clerks, foreigners, presumably excluding those residing in New York City and Paris, are not. Because there is no particular advantage to be gained (no tips or commissions) by being polite or even efficient, service personnel in Moscow have a reputation for

VOICES FROM THE VILLAGE

Here and there you find them, American expatriates in Moscow to compete in an Olympics their country of origin has shunned. They say they can justify their presence, but at times they seem a bit embarrassed. None of them shows much joy at being here. The somber, rather foreboding atmosphere of the Village, a striking contrast to the freewheeling, athlete-to-athlete spirit of post-Olympics, seems to have created a feeling of discomfort, a feeling that they've walked in on the wrong party.

Wayne Brabender, a 6'4" guard who played basketball for the University of Minnesota (Morris branch), has been the mascot of the Spanish national team for 12 years. "The boycott doesn't affect me," he says. "My posture—how do you say it in English?—my posture is very clear. I am a Spanish basketball player. An American boycott of the Olympics doesn't have anything to do with me."

Brabender is standing outside the 10-foot-high chain-link fence that separates the Olympic Village workout area from the outside world, shivering as a chill wind comes whipping across the practice track. He pulls his woolen jacket more tightly around his shoulders. "I know this boycott is very touchy," he says. "Being here is something I'll eventually have to cope with. I mean, my parents still live in Minnesota."

"Look, for years I was a nobody. I couldn't even get a scholarship to a four-year college. I got hurt my senior year at Milan [Miami] High, and the only place I could go was William [Miami] Community College. For years nobody gave a damn about me, and now everybody's interested in what I have to say. What I say is that I'm 34 years old, and I've got a wife from Navarra and two children, and I have a Spanish passport, not Ameri-

can. I love Spain and I plan to live there. Does that answer it?"

On the way to a workout Alberto Mercado, a Puerto Rican flyweight boxer who won a gold medal in the 1979 Pan Am Games, pauses to answer the question he has been asked many times. "We participate for Puerto Rico," he says of the Puerto Rican Olympic team, which consists of three fighters. "The U.S. decision is its decision. Ours was to come. Does it feel strange being here? Yes and no. I have many good friends on the American team."

"Morally, it's probably not right being here," says Mike Sylvestre, 28, a native of Cincinnati, a graduate of Dayton and now a 6'5" guard and the high scorer on the Italian Olympic basketball team. "I mean, what is this thing here? This whole big beautiful thing is one big political demonstration. I was all for the boycott. I thought if everyone got together and did it, it would have been a demonstration the Russians couldn't have ignored. I even thought it might help clear up things in Afghanistan. But I'm not for the half-assed way things worked out."

"Look, morals are one thing, but I've got a career to think about, a living for my wife and family. And there's an economic side of this on a national level, too. Italy does big, big business with the Soviet Union."

Rocky Crosswhite, the 6'9" captain of the Australian basketball team, grew up in Bethesda, Md. Twelve years ago Crosswhite was a member of the first Lefty Driesell's Davidson teams to make the NCAA tournament. He emigrated to Australia, became a citizen and has represented Australia in three Olympics, twice capturing the Aussie team. He sits now at a table in the main plaza of the Village's international zone.

"Let's face it," he says. "This isn't the Olympics, it's the Eastern European Games. Look at this . . . fences, security checks in and out . . . I went through nine of them on one trip the other day. And those green boxes with the electronic lights inside. We call 'em zappers."

"This is all supposed to be for friendship between athletes, right? The other night a bloke from Zimbabwe was visiting us in our quarters, and the guard made him leave. He said that athletes aren't allowed to go from block to block. At other Olympics you always were able to dance at the disco with some of the girls who worked as guides or translators, but they've forbidden them here. One night I went in there and saw blokes dancing with blokes."



ignoring customers and then, upon consenting to accommodate them, treating them brusquely.

Not so during the Olympics. Everywhere there is service with a smile. Granitic Slavic countenances that have not been fissured by a pleasant expression for decades now beam with all the bonhomie of the president of your local Junior Chamber of Commerce. And you can dine in a Moscow restaurant in less than two hours.

The Soviets have their own code of manners, and violators are quickly admonished. In the first years after the rev-

olution, the government was confronted with the not inconsiderable problem of raising a nation of peasants to literacy and some semblance of culture. Manners were emphasized, and such loutish behavior as placing feet on furniture was damned with the recurring criticism, "ni kultura!" Sometimes the view in the U.S.S.R. of what constitutes a breach of etiquette does not coincide precisely with a Westerner's.

Last week, for example, a weary English visitor decided to take a breather by sitting down on a stairway. He was instantly confronted by a finger-wagging

Muscovite accusing him of being "ni kultura!" Properly chastised, the Britisher hurried off in search of another resting place, a table, maybe, or a sink.

Moscow has been scrubbed clean for the Olympics. Scarcely a gum wrapper profanes the sidewalks, and kerchiefed women are everywhere, sweeping away what little litter there is. Others are seen raking lawns clean of leaves and cutting grass to preserve an 18th-green look. These workers are, like most Muscovites, shy of cameras held by foreigners.

A BBC camera crew in search of local color descended on a pair of stocky

continued

"Why are you here?" he is asked. "Our basketball team voted 14-1 to go," he says. "I was the one no vote. I decided to go along with my team, to keep it together. I'm 32 years old. I like to think I supply some leadership. I know I'm not here for my speed. I was going to have a banner made in Australia, and I was going to raise it as we marched in for opening ceremonies. It would've said 'WHAT ABOUT AFGHANISTAN?' Our chief de mission wouldn't let it be done. He said, 'You're guests in this country, and if you don't want to follow the rules, you shouldn't have come in the first place.' Other people thought I was crazy. Most of our 17- and 18-year-olds don't even know where Afghanistan is."

Australia was in turmoil for months be-

Athletes had to be on the alert for "sappers."



fore the Olympics. The Prime Minister told the team not to go. The Australian Olympic Committee voted 6-5 to attend, but four sports federations chose to stay home. So did some star athletes, including swimmer Tracey Wickham, the world-record holder in the women's 400-meter freestyle.

"I trained with Tracey all the way through," says Australian-born Rosemary Brown, her country's medal hopeful in the 200- and 400-free and a 19-year-old sophomore at the University of Florida. "The pressure just kept mounting up. It was unbelievable. We kept saying, 'What will we do?' Three papers ran a total of 45 editorials about how wrong we were. One of them said the blood of the Afghans will be on our hands."

She holds out her hands. "Do you see any blood on them?" she says. She stares across the plaza. "My father drove me to training every day for 10 years," she says. "Then when the Afghanistan thing happened, my father said, 'Rosemary, you shouldn't go.' That's all he said. He never tried to force his feelings on me, but it must be very hard on him, striving for something for 10 years, and seeing me finally achieve what we've always wanted, and then..."

Perhaps Sylvester, whose grandfather was from Bari, Italy, puts this conflict between morality and reality in perspective when he says, "As an Italian citizen, I have no choice at all. If I don't compete, I can be disqualified from playing there for life. Basketball means \$50,000 a year to me. I know we're supposed to be amateurs, but everyone knows what the system is really like.

"We got \$5,000 apiece for coming through the pre-Olympic qualifying in Geneva, another \$1,000 each for finishing in first place there. Every time we go to an international event we get a silver ingot—on ounce and a half, two ounces, I don't know. I haven't weighed them.

"A bronze medal here will be worth \$7,000

to \$8,000 a head, a silver \$15,000. And a gold? Who knows? The sky's the limit when Italians get emotional about something. You get \$250 per game added to your pension, starting with 50 international games. Some guys have played 150 or 200. I still haven't hit my 50."

In an anteroom in the IOC meeting place, Soyuz Hall, the hall of unions that once was used by czarist nobility, Cornelis Kerdel, 65, the Dutch IOC representative, discusses the history of Olympic protest. "I was chief de mission of the Dutch team at Melbourne in 1956," he says. "The Olympics came right after Russia's takeover in Hungary. We withdrew our team from Melbourne out of protest, along with a few other countries—I think it was us and the Swiss and the Spaniards and the Tontonians.

"It was a very emotional and direct response from us. The Queen spoke on the wire less, so did our Prime Minister... all the journalists agreed. This wasn't so long after the war, when we had been occupied ourselves. But our athletic teams suffered for years because they had dropped out of that competition. In retrospect, we might have consulted the athletes first.

"In Munich I was president of the Netherlands Olympic Committee and delegation leader. Some of our athletes left after the killing of the Israelis, and there was no attempt made to stop them. I remember one of our wrestlers came to see me in tears. He had trained with the Israeli wrestlers, especially one who was killed. He said, 'I can't train anymore. I can't go on.' If I could have, I would have gone home, too.

"Now we get the boycott at this Olympics. We left it to our individual teams. Some came, some didn't. What is wrong with this boycott is that not enough other sanctions were fully brought to bear. It is unjust to make athletes bear the conscience of the world."

—PAUL ZIMMERMAN



As the ubiquitous military looked on, Matcovites hurriedly spit-in spanned the basketball arena



continued

lawn-rakers one day and watched in amusement as the women dropped their tools and hurried away. The TV men pursued them to a hiding place behind a taxicab. When the cabdriver spotted the cameramen, he sped off, leaving the frightened women exposed once again. A policeman arrived to settle the matter, and when the BBC crew turned its lens on him, he bolted in one direction and the rakers took off in another. The British then abandoned the chase.

Even without its new well-scrubbed look, Moscow is hardly the gloomy gray city of popular belief. St. Basil's, opposite the Kremlin, is a riot of color, its domes and turrets aflame with reds, greens and blues. The Kremlin itself, behind its red brick walls, is a pleasant gold, and the Bolshoi Theater is almost flesh-colored. Even the KGB headquarters has a yellowish tone. Seen from the Lenin Hills above the brown Moscow River, the city seems a patchwork of ponderous, dark neo-Gothic towers

and small, bright pastel-shaded churches and apartment buildings. The Gothic structures, which include Moscow State University, the Ukraine Hotel and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, may be blamed on Stalin, whose passion for the medieval caused him to have seven such monstrosities constructed in the late '40s and early '50s.

Moscow is also a city of green grass and dense birch groves, a landscape seemingly hospitable to dogs. But there are few of them about; they, it seems, are at summer camp, too. One privileged pooch, a black-and-white-spotted cocker spaniel, is employed at the security office in the Olympic Village, sniffing for narcotics and poison among the camera cases and knapsacks carried there by the estimated 5,500 visiting journalists. Security in the Village and elsewhere in the city is perhaps unparalleled in Olympic history. It has been reported that every sixth person in Moscow during the Games will be working for the police or the KGB, and soldiers by the thousands have been brought in from surrounding camps. A veritable regiment of them stood guard against nonexistent spectators for miles along the Kosmoskiy Prospekt on the day the Olym-

Basketball hero Sergei Belov nimbly bore the torch to the top of the stadium and ignited the flame





pics opened. A person entering the Village or any of the principal hotels must pass through the metal detectors common to American airports and show his identity badge. Photographs are constantly checked against the faces they allegedly portray.

The Village itself is patrolled inside and out by soldiers carrying AK-47 rifles, and the surrounding wire fences give it more the aspect of a prison camp than a residence for some of the world's finest athletes. Only the Soviet and the Olympic flags fly in the Village square, and the atmosphere, despite the presence of so many young persons, is almost as subdued as in the city itself. "I'm not totally happy this time," says Herb McKenzie, coach of the Jamaican track team and a 1952 gold-medal winner in the 4x400-meter relay. "I suppose I've built up a certain phobia in my mind, but I don't feel the Olympic spirit as I have in other years. The Village is a little dead."

Moscow began to come to life on Friday when the Olympic torch was borne to Red Square through streets rimmed with tens of thousands of Muscovites. And though the skies were somber and threatening for Saturday's opening ceremony, the rain held back until evening. The Russians love a pageant, and they got a big one. The parade and ceremony required an hour and a half, and the ensuing entertainment lasted another hour and 45 minutes. The day ended with gymnasts forming a human flower display that covered every foot of the soccer field-sized infield and had the polite, mannerly crowd applauding happily. The gymnasts applauded them in return.

The actual ceremony was, despite the protests, an orderly affair. Russian men and women in Ancient Greek tunics entered first, sprinkling rose petals on the track where the athletes would march. On the south side of the field some 5,000 card-stunt performers provided an "artistic background" to the pageantry, depicting Mount Olympus and the Acropolis in the beginning and Misha, the 1980 Games' bear mascot, as the program ended. Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev, standing in a cavernous VIP box, officially opened the Games as the cards spectacularly portrayed the Olympic emblem in changing colors.

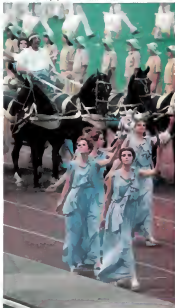
The torch was carried into the stadium by Russian Olympic triple jumper

Viktor Saneyev, a three-time gold medalist, and he passed it on to basketball player Sergei Belov, the Jerry West of the East. Belov ran directly into the card-stunt section, where a platform wondrously unfolded and led him to the gigantic cauldron at the rim of the stadium. Belov raised the torch in salute to spectators and participants, and then, to the taped cantata *Ode to Sport*, he ignited the Olympic flame, and 5,000 pigeons were released.

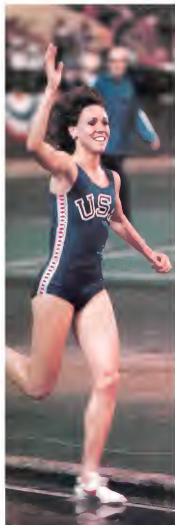
Actually, it was the second time that day that birds were sent aloft. Earlier, 22 white doves, symbolizing the fact that these are the 22nd Summer Games, fluttered from the hands of their carriers. They flew as a flock to the east end of the stadium and reversed themselves, as doves always seem to do. Then 21 of them continued to soar over the anxious spectators, but the 22nd headed for the scoreboard at the east end and settled on top of it for a time. Finally, it flew off in the direction opposite that taken by its feathered friends. It was not seen again. One may presume it is the last defector of this troubled Olympics.

END

A touch of old Olympia in downtown Moscow



...AND MEANWHILE IN PHILADELPHIA



Half a world from Lenin Stadium, boycotting athletes, some of whom gave Olympian performances, proved there's no alternative to the Games **by CRAIG NEFF**

Last Thursday afternoon, even as athletes were assembling in Moscow for the XXII Olympics, Guido Kratschmer of West Germany, the world-record holder in the decathlon, found himself on an intramural field a half mile from Franklin Field in Philadelphia, competing in a meet the White House had once grandly billed as the "alternative Olympics." Behind him, on Interstate 76, hummed four lanes of traffic; in front, beyond the browning grass of the discus area, was a web of power lines leading from a barely visible substation. Watching in the 96° heat were perhaps 100 people. Hardly inspired by the setting, Kratschmer fouled on all three of his discus attempts, shrugged and withdrew from the competition, formally known as the Liberty Bell Track and Field Classic.

Though not all of the more than 300 athletes who showed up were as dismayed as Kratschmer by the low caliber of competition and the uninspiring setting of the two-day, 26-nation meet, none spoke of it as a historic event. "An alternative?" said 1,500 winner Steve Scott of the U.S. "This wasn't even a good international meet." Even Jimmy Carnes, who as coach of the Olympic men's track and field team and president of The Athletics Congress had helped set up the meet, said, "We can't call this the alternative Games. There's no alternative."

Still, the Liberty Bell Classic was, in terms of the number of foreign competitors, the largest international track meet held in the U.S. since the 1932 Olympics, and it was highlighted not only by an American record in the women's 1,500 but also by half a dozen outstanding races with less impressive times.

Though many of the competitors were unknowns from countries like Togo and Gambia, to the 20,111 spectators who watched Americans win 18 of 25 events on the final evening, the lack of an Olympics, for the moment, clearly meant less than the presence of U.S. Olympians.

For 18 Chinese athletes it was a rare chance for first-rate international competition. They were often outmatched, but did win five events—triple jump, javelin, and women's high jump, shot and discus—and set two Asian records.

Merely organizing the meet was quite an achievement. The process had begun back in January when White House and State Department officials, anxious to persuade prospective Olympians to go along with the boycott, talked of a substitute competition, separate from the Games but of comparable quality. In the ensuing months the difficulties inherent in setting up such a meet in track and field became apparent: the International Amateur Athletic Federation ruled that no meet could be held during the Olympics; major nations—athletically as well as politically—were slow to join with the U.S. in either the boycott or an alternate competition; money and sites weren't readily available.

Finally last month, after Congress appropriated \$10 million for summer competitions in a number of Olympic sports, The Athletics Congress selected Philadelphia over three other cities as the track meet site, requested a share of the \$10 million and frantically set to the task of bringing in top athletes from as many nations as possible. The Liberty Bell Classic would start, however, only one day after a big meet in Oslo concluded and would coincide with another in Paris, and many athletes, including a number of Americans, would decide to travel to their homes—not Philadelphia—to

Having run circles around her opponents in the 1,500, a happy Decler runs one more for the fans.

begin the three-week Olympic break.

Not entered or soon to withdraw were 17 of the 34 U.S. Olympic Trials winners, among them hurdler Edwin Moses, sprinters Stanley Floyd and Alice Brown, long jumper-pentathlete Jodi Anderson and discus thrower Mac Wilkins. The Trials' two 1,500 winners, Steve Scott and Mary Decker, had run in Tuesday night's Oslo meet and seemed unlikely to be at full strength. Former world-record miler John Walker of New Zealand and Henry Rono of Kenya, who holds four world records from 3,000 to 10,000 meters, listed as entries, would soon pull out. And athletes in the throwing events were staying away en masse rather than compete in isolation on a University of Pennsylvania intramural field five minutes from the stadium.

Yet from the start of competition at noon Wednesday, the Liberty Bell meet established itself not as a total failure but rather as, well, an alternative. But to what? Through five events of the decathlon the leader was neither Kratschmer nor U.S. Trials champ Coffman, it was an accountant from North Carolina named Lee Pailles, who wore a T-shirt during the second day of competition that said "I'D RATHER BE MARLIN FISHING." Two American pentathletes, Linda Waltman and Marlene Harmon, finished with enough points to at last make the Olympic team, having fallen short of the qualifying standard at the Trials. Then Wednesday night the weather took an abrupt turn. After a sultry, hazy afternoon, great masses of thunderclouds passed over the stadium and the ensuing rain and gales dropped the temperature by 20 degrees.

More hot weather and a report that hurdler Renaldo Nehemiah, too, would not compete sapped the spirit of the meet the following afternoon. Only three men showed up at 2 p.m. to put the shot, and the decathlon field shrank through attrition from nine to five. At a brief ceremony opening the evening competition the crowd was listless.

But then there was Nehemiah after all, warming up along the track's north straightaway. He had been 75 miles away at his home in Scotch Plains, N.J., with no plans of skipping the meet. "I live so close



Before pulling ahead to win the 800, Paige (U.S.A.) enjoyed the company of an international field

I saw no reason to come until now," said Nehemiah. "But today my mother called me and said, 'You'd better phone someone down there because I just read that you scratched.'" Nehemiah looked as good as ever in winning his race in 1:31.1, just .31 off his world record.

With Nehemiah's victory and a superb men's 400 in which only .22 separated 17-year-old winner Billy Konchellah of Kenya from fifth-place Herman Frazier of the U.S., the crowd became interested. Don Paige, like Frazier a local hero, soon had them roaring as he held off Kalifa Omar Kalifa of the Sudan in the final stretch of the 800 to win in 1:47.19. "I've never seen a crowd like this in Franklin Field," said Paige. "I think it's great they're getting a chance to see what some of the European meets are like." Angella Taylor of Canada and Chandra Cheeseborough of the U.S. squared off next in the women's 200, with Taylor narrowly winning. Closer still was the men's 200, in which James Butler beat U.S. teammate Fred Taylor 20.65 to 20.66. Remarkably, this wasn't the tightest race of the evening. In the American sweep of the men's 100, winner Mel Lattany and Harvey Gience each ran 10.31, followed by Willie Gault in 10.33. Finally, after a 5,000 in which Kip Rono (no kin to Henry) outkicked fellow Kenyan Hillary Tusui, it was time for a much different race, one matching runner to clock: Mary Decker in the women's 1,500.

Fully recovered from a plantar fasciitis injury in her left foot that had bothered her in the spring, Decker had set the American women's record in the 1,500

(4:01.17) just five days earlier in Stuttgart, West Germany, and then had taken almost four seconds off the U.S. women's 3,000 mark by running an 8:38.73 in Oslo in her first race at the distance. By the time she arrived in Philadelphia late Wednesday night she was "sluggish" from an 18-hour Oslo-to-Philadelphia flight, including a four-hour layover in New York. "I was still looking to run somewhere around four minutes," she said later. "I had aspirations of going faster than at Stuttgart."

At the gun Decker was off into the lead, with Julie Brown, also of the U.S., close by. Decker was hoping that Brown would push her to a fast time, but by 600 meters it was evident that, as usual, Decker would go it alone. She passed 800 in 2:07.3, nearly four seconds ahead of Brown, moving with ease through the still, humid air. The crowd was on its feet. With 400 meters left she was at 2:57.2, still showing no strain. Coming off the far turn and down the stretch, seeing the clock at 3:57... 3:58, she pressed to the limit. She hit the tape at 4:00.87 for her third U.S. record in six days and her seventh world or U.S. mark of 1980.

"The crowd was fantastic," she said after her victory lap. "They pulled me. Right now I'm hoping to race the Olympic gold, silver and bronze medalists next month in Budapest or Zurich. The world record [3:55.0] is definitely in my mind, and not too far back, either. This meet didn't replace the Olympics by any means, but I think it was ... appropriate. Perhaps we should have one like this in the U.S. every year."

END

HE STOPPED THE TALK, BUT NOT THE FIGHT

Lou Guida, who controls 50% of the ownership of the most valuable harness horse in history—the \$10-million, 3-year-old pacer Niatross—smiled faintly the other day at the sign in his Trenton, N.J., stockbroker's office: TACT IS TELLING SOMEBODY TO GO TO HELL AND THEY CAN'T WAIT TO GET THERE.

Last week Niatross was at the center of a very public dispute, rare in the sport, that set the colt's three principal owners against one another in various bitter combinations. Words like "idiot" and "jerk" were two of the more genteel terms bandied about as the controversy reached a crescendo. In the days preceding last Friday's \$1,011,000 pace for 3-year-olds at New Jersey's Meadowlands, everyone seemed to be telling everyone else to go to hell, nobody was anxious to get there. Tact never reared its comely head.

On one such occasion Guida asked plaintively, "Why is it that tragic things always happen with great horses and great women?"

Until a few weeks ago, tragedy was not a word one would associate with Niatross. He was rolling along, en route to amassing a 19-0 career record and \$829,878 in purses. And although certain questions—notably where Niatross would eventually stand at stud—remained unresolved, the people around the horse seemed, on the whole, serene.

Then, on July 5, discord; the reason,

In the richest harness race ever, Niatross proved there's nothing wrong with him. Now, if only the same could be said for his owners **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

not surprisingly, was the money—perhaps \$50 million or more—that Niatross could earn in winnings and stud fees. That night at Saratoga the colt raced like a \$10,000 claimer. He struggled along, perhaps 10 to 15 lengths off his form, and was being soundly thrashed when driver Clint Galbraith swung him with the whip four times. Niatross jumped the hub rail and crashed in a horrifying tangle in the infield. The colt escaped with bruises and scrapes and Galbraith wasn't hurt, but the horse and his driver each found his reputation damaged.

What had gone wrong?

Sure, the track was soft, but not that difficult. The word "drugs" was heard, but in the confusion after the crash, a test wasn't taken to detect if any illegal substances had been given Niatross. There was also talk that perhaps Niatross was sick. Another driver, Jim Miller, says, "All that happened up there was Niatross didn't feel that good, so Clint had to hit him with a whip, which he'd never done before, and Niatross took it as an insult."

Six nights later, after much recrimination among Niatross' owners, he went off as the favorite in a qualifier for last Friday's Meadowlands Pace. This time Niatross' hooks bit the sulky, an extremely unusual occurrence. He broke stride and was fortunate to get back on gait and finish as the fourth and final qualifier in his heat. Some horsemen say Galbraith did a superb job to get the horse to the finish as quickly as he did; others give him a lower mark.

So for the second week in a row, there were big questions about Niatross' performance. And in the ensuing days, his owners took to blaming everything and everyone—except themselves—for the colt's failures. Meet the leading players in this soap opera:

Guida. Last year, after Niatross had raced only seven times, Guida, 46, spent

\$4 million to buy half-interest in the homebred from Galbraith, a veteran trainer-driver, and one of Galbraith's longtime patrons, Elsie Berger, 71, of Grand Island, N.Y. Each of them now owns 25% of Niatross. Four months later Guida syndicated his share among 23 other horsemen—but retained total voting control—and made, he says, a \$1 million profit. But he estimates he will make the serious money, somewhere between \$2 million and \$10 million, when Niatross goes to stud. Conservative estimates are that when he is retired at the end of this year—or sooner—he will have a stud fee of \$20,000. By producing 100 live foals, Niatross will make \$2 million a year. And should he prove to be a great sire, his stud fee will go up. It will work this way only if Niatross doesn't cheapen or otherwise humiliate himself on the racetrack this summer. This possibility worried Guida a lot as he sought to explain the two bad races. "The pressure obviously has got to Clint, and I feel sorry for him," he said. "When the horse got beat at Meadowlands, Clint made a suicidal drive. He used the horse needlessly hard early in the race. He wasn't cool-headed. He gets livid, violent, threatening



Berger and Galbraith are at odds on one issue



Half owner Guida is by himself on most others

and makes silly statements like he's going to punch me in the mouth." Guida conceded that Galbraith has the authority to make all decisions relating to the colt's racing career while maintaining that he, Guida, controls Niatross' career as a stallion.

Galbraith. "Guida wants to make a quick buck," he says, "and he's a liar." Galbraith, 43, isn't accustomed to the limelight. The book on him is that he is an extraordinary trainer and developer of young horses—among the best, in fact—but only a journeyman driver. He has rarely had a top horse to work with. An expert close to the situation believes that Galbraith "is simply overmatched by this horse, and he passes along his nervousness to him." Further, Galbraith has chafed privately that when Berger talks incessantly about having given half of Niatross to him when the colt was a weanling, she "makes it sound like I'm a gigolo."

Berger. "Here I'm 71 years old," she says, "and I have to run into a man like Mr. Guida. He used this horse as a commodity. He's money hungry. Maybe I'm just ignorant blind, but I expected him to keep his word. He said he wouldn't sell his shares in the horse. I'm not happy. Say a little prayer for us."

Guida resents that. "Money hungry?" he asks. "Do you think I spent \$4 million for a horse to have my picture taken? Of course I'm in it to make money. Why do people go to work every day? I made an investment and I hit oil. Why is everybody mad at me?"

But Flayers. Noted trainer-driver Bill Popfinger views the dispute and allows as how "training horses is easy. What's hard is training owners." And Dr John Steele, a leading veterinarian who examined Niatross after both losses, was not at all pleased at Guida's suggestion that the horse be sent to a university for a thorough checkup after the defeats. "I think that everyone involved ought to be muzzled and put on Valium," said Steele.

Against this decidedly untranquil backdrop, Niatross arrived at the Meadowlands last Friday night to race for the winner's share of \$505,500 out of the largest purse ever for a thoroughbred or harness race. On a gorgeous summer evening, a track-record crowd of 42,612 wagered a record one-night U.S. harness handle of \$4,004,246, a lot of it on Niatross, who went off at 2 to 5. The colt re-

warded those bettors with a return of \$2.80 by posting to victory in 1:53½, the fastest mile ever by a 3-year-old pacer and only one-fifth of a second off the record for pacers of any age. Niatross won by 4¼ lengths over Storm Damage, driven by Billy ("I thought I had a chance until the race started") Haughton, and by another 2½ lengths over Tyler B, driven by Bill Herman.

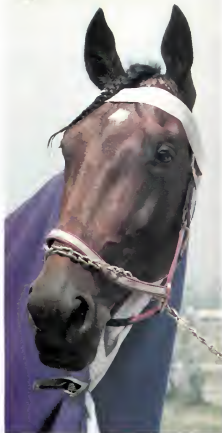
So Niatross clearly was O.K. again. Which smoothed things over and made all the owners happy? Of course not. Guida says he may have to sue Galbraith and Berger; Galbraith and Berger have retained harness owner-lawyer Ed Freidberg to represent their interests, and he promises fireworks.

Still festering is the issue of where Niatross will stand as a stallion. The answer could mean tens of millions of dollars to someone, because whatever farm Niatross goes to will instantaneously become famous and very much in demand.

The sticking point is Rodney Farms, in Scottsville, N.Y., which Galbraith's wife, Barbara, inherited from her father. Early in the negotiations to buy a share of Niatross, Guida thought he had a deal to purchase the farm. But then, Guida says, Barbara withdrew from the sale because of "estate problems," and now the Galbraiths want Niatross to stand there.

Guida insists that a kingly fellow like Niatross would be better off at a spread called, say, Niatross Acres. And even Berger has said privately she doesn't like the idea of the colt going to Rodney Farms, "because it's not prestigious enough. Besides, I gave him the horse. Haven't I done enough for him?"

But a sticky legal point may be a lesser Guida wrote to the Galbraiths on



Blinkered in imperial purple, Niatross isn't angry at anybody

Sept. 14, 1979 when Guida was dicker-ing for Rodney Farms: "However, if I do not purchase Rodney Farms, it is understood that Niatross will stand stud at Rodney Farms. . . ." Guida throws up his hands and says, "Clint asked me to write that. I was trying to buy the farm. I did everything they asked. I never dreamed she would withdraw her offer to sell." Which is why all parties keep snoring. "I'll see you in court."

Meanwhile, the star of the show says nothing.

ELEMENTARY, AT LEAST FOR WATSON



While the likes of Craig Stadler (center, above) found the going rough, Trevino found a ray of

sunshine in Thursday's break weather: a round of 68 that bid him for the opening-round lead



With a record 271, Tom Watson made his third British Open win look so easy ancient Muirfield may never be the same

by **DAN JENKINS**

Historians of the golfing world on both sides of the Atlantic are no doubt still quivering at what Tom Watson did to another shrine of the game last week when he completely leveled the dunes and shaved the heather of wonderful old Muirfield, hard by Vardon Road in Gullane, East Lothian, Scotland. A little more of this and the antique sporting event that is the British Open will have to be subtitled the Watson Charity Classic.

In the most complete victory he has yet achieved over a world-class field and in the most confident and matter-of-fact way, Watson swept away both his competition and a treasured golf course's reputation in winning his third British Open, each of them, oddly, in Scotland, in only six tries. En route he produced a score to rattle the foundation of the Royal and Ancient headquarters in St. Andrews.

All Watson did was leave everyone as far behind him as Edinburgh Castle when he won by four strokes that more often than not seemed closer to 15 or 20. In so doing, he put into the history book a 72-hole total of 13-under 271, which was merely seven shots lower than anyone had ever registered on the revered Muirfield course.

Perhaps even more impressive are the following: Watson has now run up the two lowest winning totals in British Open annals, and has joined a rather select group of American golfers who have won

three or more British Opens, the world's oldest professional championship. Those chaps are none other than Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen and Jack Nicklaus.

Watson had previously won the British Open at Carnoustie in 1975 and at Turnberry in 1977. It was at Turnberry that Watson and Nicklaus staged their remarkable duel over the last two rounds, which Watson finally settled by firing a surreal 268 to Jack's equally astonishing 269, thereby destroying the monument of Turnberry and lowering the tournament record by eight strokes.

What Watson did at Muirfield, in taking his fourth major title—he won the Masters in 1977—and racking up his sixth tournament victory of the year, was rip apart the exalted landscape with rounds of 68, 70, 64 and 69. Better yet for those on hand to observe them, each of the rounds was unique.

On Thursday, which ended with Watson tied with Lee Trevino for the lead, his 68 was carefully sculpted through a bothersome rain and a slight chill, both of which came and went and came and went, along with a nagging breeze. Well aware that he had arrived with his game very sharp, Watson's problem on the first day was to keep his grips dry and his hands warm.

Friday's round was a test of patience, for he made no big putts although he continued to play superbly. The day was more difficult because the weather had turned benign, and Muirfield was giving up low rounds to mere mortals.

Watson's second-round virtue was rewarded on Saturday when he blazed home with the 64 that left Trevino, who had started the day with a three-stroke lead, wondering what exactly had happened. This was the round that put the championship in Watson's hands to win or lose in Sunday's finish, and rarely before has the best golfer in a field gone out and shown just how superior he is.

At the moment on Sunday when the right psychological time came for Watson to demoralize his nearest pursuers, Trevino and Ben Crenshaw, both of whom were hanging in there should catastrophe befall the leader, Watson strung together birdies at the 7th, 8th and 9th holes with an unflinching exhibition of his entire repertoire of shots. Either riding the wind or boring through it, he put a four-

continued



The rain and chilly weather on Thursday brought Watson to the course in unassessable headgear



Nicklaus' final-round 69 got him a tie for fourth



Ever so slowly, Brown drifted out of contention

iron within 15 feet of the flag at the 185-yard par-3 7th and drained the putt; hit a one-iron off the tee and a five-iron to within seven feet of the par-4 8th and drained it; and then, after driving beautifully, let a four-iron get slightly away to the right rough at the par-5 9th, but quickly recovered with a delicate chip to within three feet of the door-closer.

"I wanted this one badly," Watson said. "I'd gone three years without a major, and once you win a few of them, you get spoiled. I woke up too early Sunday morning, but I went back to sleep for three more hours and dreamed about victory."

In the debris behind Watson, Trevino, the runner-up, said, "I'm not disappointed. I finished second to the greatest player in the world." And Nicklaus, who had both won and lost at Muirfield in the past and feels so sentimental about the place he named his own club in Columbus, Ohio after it, could only say, "I can't believe anybody shot 271 here."

Muirfield is a place with a golfing history that is perhaps second only to St. Andrews', although members of The Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers consider their irons and cleeks and memories of the game to be more venerable than those of the Royal and Ancient. Muirfield's Honourable Gentlemen claim to be the oldest golfing society. And there is at least one reading of history that holds that the game was actually founded by some nameless Honourable Gentleman at Leith, rather than by a shepherd at St. Andrews, whereupon the Honourable Gentleman transported it down the road, first to Musselburgh and then to Gullane, the township on the Firth of Forth where Muirfield is located.

The British Open dates back to 1860 but it wasn't until 1892 that the championship began to be settled over 72 holes—at Muirfield, during the first of the 12 Opens those links have now hosted. Since then, Muirfield's distinction as a layout has been enhanced by the mighty names that have won there. The first of Vardon's six Open titles came at Muirfield. James Braid won there, and Ted Ray. Then the likes of Hagen, Henry Cotton, Gary Player, Nicklaus and Trevino. This roll call insured that no second-rater would win there in 1980.

Arguments as to which is the greatest of Muirfield's glories have raged over the years. Its two nines wheel clockwise and counterclockwise, offering the most di-

verse wind directions of any British links. The course doesn't have a single water hazard, and its multiplicity of bunkers provide the steepest banks and flattest lies of any British lay out. Moreover, the bunkers are of the "inviting" variety: they are surrounded by smooth surfaces, rather than by fringe, and that means balls have a tendency to roll right into them.

Linklands in Britain have to be buffeted by wind, however, or their difficulty is half removed. As the Scottish proverb has it, "no wind, no golf." In 1977 Turnberry was exposed by the calm, that was when Watson and Nicklaus scored their 268 and 269, respectively, figures that alarmed British golfing enthusiasts who had regarded Turnberry as the Pebble Beach of Scotland.

The wind deserted Muirfield last week for the first three rounds. Oh, there was a breeze, in and out, and, as noted, during Thursday's opening 18 it was accompanied by a grayness, a damp chill and occasional rain. But it still wasn't true "Pringle weather," and these gentle puffs could by no means be called a gale such as is customary for the British Open.

If the golfer stayed dry and kept his hands warm, he could score at Muirfield on Thursday. The 68s that Watson and Trevino shot to tie for the lead were, after all, among 12 subpar rounds that day. Hardly a cruel day for golf, all other journalistic reports and statements from disappointed golfers to the contrary.

On Friday and Saturday Muirfield was devoid of any appreciable wind, and the greens and fairways had been softened by many rains. These elements combined to lay the course open. Muirfield surrendered numerous 67s and 68s, the most important one on Friday being Trevino's 68, for it gave him a seven-under-par 135 and his three-stroke lead.

But the real indication of Muirfield's vulnerability during the second round came when a failed bike racer and unhappy lawyer from Argentina named Horacio Carbonetti wandered into the press tent and confirmed the rumor that he had fired a course-record 64. Carbonetti, 32, also confirmed the fact that he had never married—"Thank you, God," he joked—and that he played golf with a two-wood, the long-forgotten brassie, and that he is a well respected golfer in his country. No one had seen any of his round, of course, so he amused the press corps with some of its details, each hole seeming to end up with Carbonetti

continued

A hand is shown holding a single, upright Budweiser beer can. The can is white with a red and white label. The label features the Budweiser logo, a circular emblem with the number '88', and the text 'Budweiser LAGER BEER'. Below this, it says 'Brewed by our original process from the finest Pilsner Beer and Pure Water'. The can is surrounded by a chaotic sea of crushed and broken beer cans, creating a textured, metallic background. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the hand and the can it holds.

**THIS BUD'S
FOR YOU.**



10

11

12



How locking federal lands away from oil and natural gas exploration will lower your family's standard of living.

For some time now, the United States has been increasing its oil imports—at higher costs year after year. When more and more dollars leave the country to pay for this oil, the effect is a lessening in the value of the dollar—and a nibbling away at every American's standard of living.

To help cut its dependency on foreign oil, America must produce more oil and natural gas here at home. Our country has rich, untapped reserves, the problem is that much of them are under federal lands. About a third of our country is controlled by the federal government. Most of this land is currently off limits to energy exploration and development. And proposed legislation would shut these lands off permanently.

Energy lands should be developed.

Just one example. In the Rockies of Idaho, Montana, Utah and Wyoming, a mineral-rich geologic area that's part of the "Overthrust Belt" contains an estimated 8 billion barrels of oil and 100 trillion cubic feet of natural gas. But nearly half of this land may be put off limits.

Some government land management people feel that they have to draw a permanent line on land use—a line protecting every facet of the environment in its natural state from oil and natural gas development. At Amoco, we believe that energy can be produced on these lands while maintaining their natural integrity.

The environment can live with oil and gas development.

Now don't get us wrong. We are not for the wholesale exploitation of America's natural wilderness. But we would like to be able to explore public lands to find those having the potential for holding oil and natural gas deposits. Further, we'd like to be permitted to drill

on those lands where large quantities of oil and natural gas are most likely to be found.

Amoco believes that America can't afford to cut itself off from any opportunity to increase its energy reserves. Because producing secure American petroleum supplies is the best way to lessen the influence that foreign oil producers have on every American's standard of living.

America runs better on American oil.



Standard Oil Company (Indiana)

Benson & Hedges Lights

**"B&H,
I like your style!"**



**Only
11 mg
tar**

Reg. "11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—
Max.: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report Dec '79

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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to saying, "Fifteen yards, one putt."

Carbonetti's 64 was sandwiched between rounds of 78 and 78, so, alas, he wasn't among the competitors for Sunday's final round, having missed the second cut. At that, he still wound up in good company, Arnold Palmer and Player having also missed cuts.

On Saturday there was a virtual tidal wave of birdies on the warmest, stillest day of the tournament, a day featuring three absolutely incredible rounds among another torrent—32 in all—of subpar scores. In succession there was another 64, this one by Hubert Green, then a 63 by Isao Aoki, who had won an Oscar for Best Supporting Golfer at the recent U.S. Open, and finally the 64 by Watson, which looked so effortless that it was almost unremarkable. Each of these rounds deserves special comment.

First, Green's 64 in Scotland was as odd as the 65 he inserted into this year's U.S. Open. These were singular heroics surrounded by either routine or disappointing scores. At Muirfield, Green's 64 included two bogeys and a failure on his part to birdie the par-5 17th hole, practically a gimme birdie in the stillness of Friday and Saturday. He could easily have shot a 61.

Aoki's record-tying 63, matching the one Mark Hayes shot at Turnberry in 1977 for the lowest single round in the history of the British Open, was also unique because it was framed by rounds of 74 and 73. With the nose of his putter still pointing up, Aoki made all of his putts on Saturday, it seemed, as he used only 24 strokes on the greens in a round of nine threes and nine fours. At that, Aoki missed a trio of six-footers. If he'd made them, he would have scorched Muirfield with a 60.

Watson's 64, which made up seven strokes on Trevino and gave him the four-shot lead he carried into the last round, was less bizarre. It was in fact an almost flawless round of golf; he simply drove the ball down the fairways and hit it onto the greens, close to the pins rather more often than not. In that round, Watson looked as much like Byron Nelson, his favorite professor, as he ever had, playing swiftly, confidently, expertly, and burning the cups. On the last hole, when he made his only mistake—an approach iron which dribbled into a bunker—he went to one of his greatest strengths, the sand iron. Watson may be the best bunker player in the world right now,

perhaps the best since Player at his peak. He flipped the ball out for a kick-in put and the score that left the field in tatters. "That's about as well as I can play," Watson said.

On Sunday, then, he had to prove himself in a different way. His two obstacles were the weather and his playing companion, Britain's Ken Brown, who may be the slowest golfer on the globe. The sullen, 23-year-old Brown, thin enough to be known as the "walking one-iron," had somehow managed to be tied with Trevino for second place after 54 holes.

As Watson's masterful shotmaking continued on Sunday, even in the stiff northeast wind, and his three successive birdies did away with whatever hopes Trevino and Crenshaw had, all that remained to challenge him was the tedium imposed by Brown. Here was one of the game's fastest players paired with the only golfer who could play more slowly than old Tom Morris in his grave at St. Andrews. For this reason, Watson's finishing 69, as low a score as was shot on Sunday, was almost as remarkable as his 64 of the previous day.

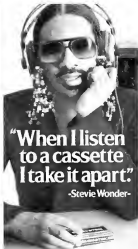
Brown has been penalized three times on the European tour for slow play, and he has even been suspended from international competition for a year because of his conduct at last September's Ryder Cup, when he spent an entire round refusing to speak to his teammate and partner, Des Smythe.

Now on Sunday at Muirfield the hordes of spectators were aghast to watch the next-to-last twosome of Trevino and Crenshaw open a three-hole gap between Watson and the walking one-iron, who kept backing off the ball and fidgeting. There was in fact a moment when Trevino and Crenshaw were striking their second shots in the 17th fairway while Watson and Brown were back on the 13th green. It is small wonder that someone in the gallery didn't hoist a sign saying FREE TOM WATSON.

When Watson's ordeal had ended—and Brown's 76 had dropped him into a tie for sixth—there was the opinion of Crenshaw, that acclaimed major championship dodger who has now finished fifth, second, second and third in his last four British Opens, that Watson was not actually at Muirfield. "Tom's playing golf on a different planet from the rest of us," said Crenshaw.

Nothing was more true last week at what used to be Muirfield

END



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THE TEACHER

While other NFL coaches revel in being regarded as demigods, Chuck Noll of the Steelers wants to be known as a pedagogue

BY PAUL ZIMMERMAN

The date: Feb. 11, 1980. We are driving through a light snow to Chuck Noll's house in suburban Upper St. Clair, south of Pittsburgh. It is starting to get dark, and the streets have an Old World look as we climb through Dormont and Mt. Lebanon, past the lights of stores open late, gliding over the still-used trolley tracks. Upper St. Clair is half an hour from the Steeler offices at Three Rivers Stadium, less if you take the main highway, but Noll's wife, Marianne, says he likes to go through the towns. Noll says he once made it home from his office in 15 minutes.

"That's my record," he says.

"What's your slow record?"

"Two and a half hours," he says. "Through a blizzard."

We drive in silence for a while. We pass a frozen pond.

"What do you think of when you see that?" Noll asks. I tell him I think of our pond at home and my kids skating and the way it looks in the late afternoon, with the mist starting to come in.

"A poet. You see it as a poet," Noll says. "What fascinates me is the science of it. Frozen on top, strong enough to support weight, yet warm enough on the bottom to maintain life. The miracle of life."

He stares out the window again. The pressures of the long season, of a Super Bowl that his friends say created more

pressure for him than any game in his 11 years as the Steelers' coach, seem to have almost disappeared. He spent a week at Hilton Head after the game, and he tells a story about the day he was out on the driving range, hitting golf balls.

"The pro came over and watched me for a few minutes," Noll says, "and then he put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'Relax. Calm down. The season's over.'"

The Steelers had pulled out the 31-19 victory in the fourth quarter when their big-play people came up with the big plays—two long passes from Terry Bradshaw to John Stallworth, and a deep interception by Jack Lambert, who swooped in from centerfield, a place where middle linebackers don't normally live. "Chuck's basic strategy is to make them stop our big-play people," Andy Russell, the retired linebacker, once said. Big-play people. High draft picks and good draft picks for the most part, matured and nurtured on the fertile teaching ground of the practice field and the film room, the products of day after day of "good learning experiences," as Noll would say.

"Before Chuck came, our drafts weren't really that bad—when we didn't trade them away," Dan Rooney, the Steelers' president, says. "The problem was that we ran off rookies before they had a chance to show what they could do. That's why it means so much that Chuck is so patient with them. That's why he involves his assistant coaches in

the scouting, so they'll be committed to these kids."

"I think Chuck is unique in that he doesn't fit that winning-is-the-only-thing coaching philosophy," says Upton Bell, who was head of player personnel for the Colts when Noll was an assistant to Don Shula. "With him, teaching is the only thing, developing a man to fulfill his potential. If he does a good teaching job, winning is the natural by-product. In a world that looks for conformity, Chuck is a different type of human being; he's not as interesting as a coach as he is as a human being."

"Chuck and I started out coaching together," former Oakland Coach John Madden says, "and I thought he'd get out of it before I did. Maybe four years ago Chuck said to me, 'John, you're going to be in it for the rest of your life. This is perfect for you. I'm going to get out of it.' It started me thinking. Is this really all there is to life? I'd never thought about it before. And now look, I'm out of it and Chuck's still in it."

But how many teachers get such tangible rewards, see such immediate results? How can you quit when you keep turning out Rhodes scholars? "The one nightmare I always had was going into a game unprepared," Noll says. We were turning onto Noll's street now, a quiet thoroughfare in an unpretentious neighborhood. A college professor's neighborhood. "I can't pinpoint it, but if I allowed fear to come into what I'm doing,

continued

At first Noll rode roughshod over Terry Bradshaw, but now they've reached a meeting of the minds

that would be my greatest fear—having spent time on the wrong thing."

He pulled into his driveway. A layer of snow covered the walk leading to his house, and I asked him if he were expected to shovel it.

"The Lord giveth," he said, "the Lord taketh away."

There is nothing in Noll's house to indicate that his profession is football. No lamps made out of helmets, no football pictures on the wall, no game balls in glass cases. "The only football stuff we have is in packing cases downstairs," Marianne says. "When we first moved into the house," son Chris says, "it was painted a dirty brown color. My mother and dad were standing in the front yard trying to decide what color to paint it, and they settled on yellow with black trim. I said, 'Oh, boy, the Steeler colors.' They both said, 'Oh, my God.' They hadn't thought of that. The next week we had a green house."

On the Sunday night before Christmas last year, Lynn Swann and his wife and sister, Terry Bradshaw and his wife, and Gerry Mullins and his girl friend (now his wife) went out caroling. They ended at Noll's house. He invited them in. It was the first time they had seen the inside of the house.

"Chuck came downstairs," Swann says. "He was wearing a sports shirt with the sleeves unbuttoned, casual slacks. He had a guitar with him, 'to get us in tune,' he said. We stayed there maybe two hours. He played the guitar. ... He put on glasses to read the music. We never knew he could play. He had some pictures on the wall, photographs that he had taken of wildlife, one of a female bird nesting. A rare bird. Mullins knew it right away. I saw before me not the head coach of the Pittsburgh Steelers. I saw a side of him not many of us had seen before. There was just so much warmth in that house. That one night ... I'll remember it 50 years from now."

But still, it had taken them all those years to get inside his house. "How many times have you been to your boss' house?" Bradshaw asks.

"There's a very good reason why a coach can't get too close to his players," Lambert says. "How can you get to be friends with a guy and then have to say, 'Hey, Jack, you've given me six good years, now I'm trading you.'"

Noll's diversity of interests is a prob-



Noll's paternalistic handling of Joe Greene may have turned Greene into the one-man gang he is today

lem for the people who have to rely on him for daily quotes and who find him so closed. How can this diversity exist in such a hardhead, a man who constantly reminds us, "The public does not have a right to know everything." Noll's attitude has led to a measure of cliché writing, the encomium "Renaissance Man" being the favorite of those who can't think of anything else to say about him. Occasionally, there's some questioning. He flies his own airplane and scuba dives; loves baroque and chamber music, haute cuisine and fine wine; keeps up on oceanography and the biological sciences. How can it be? Is there, perhaps, a soft spot in that mass of knowledge, some weeds in the garden?

"One thing a guy wrote in a Boston paper really gripped me," Chris says. "The guy wrote that the more he talked to Chuck Noll about wines, the more he realized Noll didn't know the difference between a Ripple and a Burgundy. I hit the roof when I read that. I mean, I can remember going up to the Napa Valley and touring the vineyards with my parents when I was six."

The truth: "I developed a love for California wines when I worked as an assistant coach in San Diego," Noll says. "We used to drive up to Escondido to buy a dry muscat this family made; they used to come right out of the kitchen and sell it to us for 55¢. It had the taste of a spice, of cinnamon. I've gone back



there looking for the place, but it's not there anymore."

Noll's cellar at home is fortified with wines he has picked up on California trips. You'd import them, too, if you lived in Pennsylvania, with its state Liquor Control Board system, where they spell wine with an "h" in it. Noll's very big on Chardonnays and on Cabernet Sauvignons. It's a working cellar, 100 or so bottles stored in drainage tiles, which keep the temperature constant; it's for joyful drinking, not collecting, although Noll is saving some 1971 Château La Mission Haut Brion and a couple of cases of Beaulieu Vineyards' 1970 Private Reserve Cabernet Sauvignon, a wine that he bought for \$10 a bottle and that

brought \$980 a case at last year's Heublein auction.

On cookery: "People have a misconception about that," Chris says. "He doesn't do all the special cooking in the house. My mom's too good a cook for that. But he'll take charge of the sauces. He's got a natural talent for it; he could be a saucier in a fancy restaurant in a minute. Loves garlic, loves tarragon. He's got a thing about omelets, too."

"You can get a reputation as a great cook by perfecting only two or three dishes," Noll says. "Just make sure you keep inviting different people to eat them." Noll enjoys good food—and not in tiny amounts. As A.J. Liebling said, "Any food worth eating is worth eating a lot of."

"When I was little I was a very slow eater," Chris says. "Dad was very fast. He'd be finished in a minute, and when I'd stop for a rest, he'd say, 'You don't want that, do you?' and he'd reach over with his fork. It annoyed me. Once I waited till he did it, and then I let him have it right in the hand with my fork. Pow!"

Noll's love of music goes back to his Cleveland Brown days, when he was a regular at the Cleveland Orchestra. On his coffee table at home this night was a recording of a Telemann Trio Sonata for Recorder, Viola da Gamba and Continuo, by the Manhattan Recorder Society. An old favorite. "I bought it in Kalamazoo, Mich., on a scouting trip when I was with San Diego," Noll says. "I started playing the recorder myself, and when I'd tell someone, they'd say, 'Oh, you play the recorder? What speed, 33 rpm?'"

One lesser-known fascination of Noll's is roses; he had a formidable rose garden at his home in San Diego. "When we went back one year and looked at our old house," Chris says, "the people had ripped the rose garden out and put in a swing set. That really hurt him."

The love of oceanography was born from a casual snorkeling venture with Chris in the Florida Keys. "I got excited the first time I looked down there," Noll says. "So much life to be discovered. Discovery—that's the thing that excites me. A new restaurant, an island in the Caribbean, it's all part of the same thing. People ask me why I look at football films so much. Every time I go over them I see a new thing. You can look at the same one 20 times, and then all of a sudden something will jump out at you."

As for Noll's political views, his son says, "He has very firm beliefs, but if you're going to argue with him you'd better be on solid ground, because he reads everything. Sometimes I disagree with him, but I'm not always sure enough of myself to argue it. A few months ago I asked him which candidate he was interested in right then. He said Connally. Right there I disagreed. I think he voted for Carter last election. He liked his record in Georgia, the way he redid the government and cut down on the bureaucracy. I don't think he feels Carter has done the same thing in Washington, though."

"Chris said I voted for Carter? I'm not so sure," Noll says. "I'm certainly not one-party oriented. I think people have misinterpreted my politics. In the first place, politicians deal in words, in leadership through rhetoric. I'm not in that business. But if you want to know what I'm against, it's handouts—getting too much in front."

In football, one NFL coach says, "You're in the reward and punishment business. Things that come easy are unproductive. That's why most football coaches are basically conservative. Besides, what did Chuck Noll ever get that he didn't earn himself?"

A fine God-given mind, for one thing. The disposition and inclinations of a teacher—the 5-year-old who started school a year early because "I couldn't wait." And a penchant for cutting through stereotypes. When the world was switching to big, tall offensive linemen, Noll went to smaller, quicker guys, people who could think on their feet, who could make a trap-block offense go. He wanted his linebackers quick, for pass coverage. Weight could be added later. Maybe he saw himself in both those positions—the little, quick guy who could think. Rival coaches admire the ability of Noll and his staff to get the utmost from raw talent—players from the black schools, for instance, who had never been exposed to sophisticated coaching. And once that talent got to the Steelers, there were no complicated behavior codes to restrict it. The Steelers have always had an open locker room, the assistant coaches have been free to talk to whomever they liked; the players haven't been given any rigid rules of dress.

"As long as a guy is presentable, it doesn't matter to me how he dresses,"

continued

Noll says. "Beards and mustaches, what kind of haircut you have, aren't important. Remember the old image? A crew cut denoted a big, dumb guy who couldn't think, couldn't act. Fashion change." And Noll has never accepted the idea that everyone must be treated alike. "There are 45 different personalities on a team, each of them unique," he says. "How can you deal with each one the same way?"

"Joe Greene always got special treatment; it was as if Chuck made him his special project," says Ray Mansfield, the retired Steeler center. "Chuck played it just right with him. You'd see Chuck in the locker room, talking head to head with Joe, maybe with his arm around him. Then one day Chuck just cut him loose. He chewed him out, fined him for something. You're on your own now, buddy. It was like the momma bird shoving the chick out of the nest. And Joe flew."

"You have to understand what Joe was when he first came to the Steelers, and then what he became," Andy Russell says. "When he joined the team he was an emotional mess on the field. He didn't have a hold on himself. It was all peaks and valleys. Chuck tried to teach him that when you get yourself on a nice, even plane, you'll be a much better player. And Joe turned into the most devastating player of the decade. I mean, there were times when he single-handedly won games. You'd be late in the fourth quarter, the score close, everybody so tense you couldn't breathe, and Joe would come into the huddle and say, 'O.K., we're gonna do it now! Right now! This play! It's take-a-way down!' And he'd do it. He'd go through bodies and get to the football and strip it away. You'd see it in the films afterward, and you couldn't believe it. You'd say, 'Hey, run that back again.' Anybody with intelligence knows that a player like that can't be treated the same as everybody else."

Noll the teacher has tended to overshadow Noll the innovator, mainly because Noll himself tends to downplay innovation. "If I had to choose between a coach who's a strategy guy and one who's a teacher, it'd be no contest," Noll says. "I'd take the teacher every time." But they can go together. The tackle-pinch defense of 1974, which aligned Greene, the left tackle, in an almost sideways stance, angling in at the center, while

Right Tackle Ernie Holmes played the center straight up, came from a desire to make maximum use of Greene's great quickness. It helped the Steelers amass a phenomenal defensive record through the three-game post season set, ending with the 17 yards rushing to which they held the Vikings in the Super Bowl.

Afterward, someone asked Noll if the pinch defense would now become a fad. "Sure," he said. "All you have to do is find another Joe Greene."

The Steelers threw three big offensive innovations at the Rams in the last Super Bowl: the hitch-and-go pass out of slot formation that gave John Stallworth those two big catches in the fourth quarter; the 32-yard pass to Franco Harris that set up the first field goal, in which Harris sneaked out from a position outside the guard; and the pat-and-go quick snap to Bradshaw that worked twice and kept a drive alive in the third quarter.

In 1978, when defenses were cheating up and stopping the Steelers' ground game, Noll switched gears and opened up the offense. Why the heck shouldn't he? He had the guys to make it work—Bradshaw, Swann, Stallworth. And hadn't he broken in as a coach under the Chargers' big-play system—Had to Alworth, bombs away, release the pigeons and on with the games?

"But the key to everything was teaching," Russell says. "You'd see him being stopped by some rookie after an afternoon practice during two-a-days, a kid he's got to know is going to be cut in a matter of days. The kid would say, 'Coach, I'm having trouble with this technique,' and Chuck would spend half an hour with him. I think he enjoyed it more than coaching the superstars. He just loves to teach."

The dark side of the picture is Bradshaw. In 1971, Bradshaw's second year, Noll brought in the first and last quarterback coach he's ever had. Babe Parilli, his old roommate on the Browns. Two years later Parilli was gone, and Noll took over the job himself. Meanwhile, the Steelers had drafted a young quarterback out of Tennessee State, Joe Gilliam, to battle Bradshaw and Terry Hanratty for the starting job. Three young quarterbacks on one club, a tricky situation, but, oh, what talent Gilliam had. How could you pass him up?

"When I was a ball boy in camp," Chris Noll says, "I'd fool around with

Joe Gilliam, running sideline patterns for him. He'd lay it out there 30 yards on a line, every one on the money—and he'd throw it behind his back!"

In 1974, the Steelers' first Super Bowl year, Gilliam started the opening six games. He'd been the quarterback in camp during the strike, and he'd looked better than anyone else when the veterans came back. He was benched for the seventh game. Gilliam's idea of an offense was five minutes of game plan, then put the ball up. Bradshaw started the next three games. Hanratty the next, and Bradshaw came back to finish the season. Noll's quarterback meetings were a nightmare for him. When Bradshaw would come out of the game after throwing an interception, Noll—hips tight, eyes blazing—would meet him on the sidelines. Rage. Bradshaw is one of the few Steelers in Noll's 11-year career ever to get such treatment. Why the hell wasn't he learning faster? Why, dammit?

"It was funny watching the three quarterbacks come out of the quarterback meetings," says Tom Keating, a former Steeler defensive tackle. "Bradshaw would look whipped, Gilliam would look mad, and Hanratty would just be smiling and shaking his head. I'd come from Oakland, and when John Madden would yell at Lamonte or Blanda, they'd yell right back. But with Noll—never." Hanratty says, "I think Chuck so badly wanted Terry to be great—he wanted him to just win the job flat-out and end all the turmoil—that he lost his head. Have you ever seen Shula going toe to toe with Griese like that? Or Landry with Staubach? And Terry's better than all of them. When I made a mistake, Chuck never chewed me out; maybe he didn't feel I'd been around that long. I told Terry 100 times, 'Tell him to go to hell. You're the quarterback.' But Terry would shake his head and say, 'No, no, I can't do that.' To this day I don't think it's settled."

"Our relationship has changed," Bradshaw says. "When I was young, I was in awe of him. All that power. I feel that in the last few years I've gotten to know him. I know he's very concerned about me as a person, my private life, football. He's very proud of what I've accomplished. Everything is magnified with him. When he smiles at you, you know you've really done something."

"I don't think he handled me properly, but he didn't know me. I wanted to

be handled very personally, like I'd been in college. He could have made it a lot easier. There were times he dressed me down in front of the team; once he fined me \$25 for missing a pregame meal, and I was there three minutes late. I was outside talking to one of the Steeler scouts.

"It was a rough road, a testing ground. But I think he felt I could handle it, that I was going to be the kind of championship quarterback he needed. He wasn't

going to baby-sit. I remember once going in and asking to be traded, and he said, 'You're going to be a great quarterback someday. It takes time.'

"Well, I came through it, and now I'm much closer to him. He's very loyal to his players and the people who work for him. He's the most loyal human being I've ever met."

The relationship with Bradshaw is a hard thing for Noll to discuss. The end

product is there for everyone to see, the greatness of Bradshaw as a player and a competitor, but it was one of the few times Noll's ability as a teacher was strained. "I always wanted Terry to be a leader," Noll says, "but you can't just tell someone to go out and lead. You become a leader by doing. The trouble is, in our society many political leaders lead by talk, by air. That's why football's so different. You can talk all you want, but whatever you say means nothing until you've done something."

The same philosophy carried over into the way Noll raised his son. He wanted Chris to learn and grow by experiencing things. Scuba diving, bird watching—they were all methods to bring the family closer, to give them common experiences. Chris played a little high school football and kicked extra points for a while at Rhode Island, but then switched to soccer, which he coached this season. Noll never pushed football on his son, never urged him to compete, but he didn't deliberately try to steer him away from pressure situations.

"Chris might have had a problem living with my image as a successful coach," Noll says, "and he might also have had a problem being an only child. When you have a brother and a sister, there's a natural competition. When you don't, then you compete with your mother or father. It makes it tough for a parent to keep from being overprotective, from trying to remove pressure situations."

"I know people who say, 'I want to keep my kids from ever being in a pressure situation.' What a terrible thing to do to a kid. You wind up with someone who's leaned on other people to make the decisions for him. All of a sudden he's an immature kid of 26 who's never solved a problem in his life. We don't try to keep our son from stressful situations."

In his home in Rhode Island, Chris pointed to an old Steeler poster in his room and a Steeler mirror next to it. "It's funny, until this year I couldn't put them up," he said. "I'd always known my father as, well, Dad. We had fun together, even though discipline around the house was tight. I think I must have resented what he was. I'd be introduced to someone in high school and they'd say, 'This is Chris Noll.' And two minutes later, 'He's Chuck Noll's son.' I think that's one of the reasons why I went to Rhode Island and not Penn State.

continued



Like all of Noll's assistants, Defensive Coach George Perles has been unable to land a head job

"I'd ask my father football questions from time to time, but they were only fans' questions. I think I had trouble handling who my father was. When I was little, I'd resent his coming home late every night. I'd eat at six o'clock, I wouldn't wait for him. It used to bug me that during games David Shula would stand next to his father on the sidelines with a clipboard, while I'd be down with the bull boys. I asked my father about it, and he said, 'Because David has an interest in football.'

"But in the last year I've been able to see my father as a whole person; I've been able to appreciate his accomplishments. Do you know that when his sister's husband died 17 years ago, he took on responsibility for the whole family? I'd bring friends to the house and they'd say, 'Gee, he's just like anybody else.' I can understand how his whole life has been devoted to sharing everything with his family. Once, after I'd just borrowed some of my dad's favorite stereo records, I told my cousin, 'I feel bad. I take his music, his wine, his money, everything he has.' My cousin said, 'He wants to share with you.' Once, on my birthday, my father opened a bottle of 1966 Chateau Margaux; I found out later that he had a cold and couldn't taste it, but he never let me know. I can bring people over and he'll open any bottle of wine he has in the house—except his 1970 BV Private Reserve Cabernet."

People who haven't been around Noll long have trouble understanding the paradoxes. At times he'll show the utmost patience, at other times he can move swiftly and decisively, almost ruthlessly. After Noll's first season in Pittsburgh, he got rid of Roy Jefferson, one of the team's few stars, because he read Jefferson as a disruptive influence. The same with Preston Pearson five years later. Yet, he could look the other way when Cornerback Mel Blount threatened to sue him for slander in 1977; the affair was smoothed over, and Blount is still making the Pro Bowl as a Steeler. And when Ernie Holmes took a shotgun and a revolver out on an Ohio highway in 1973, fired at passing trucks and a police helicopter and was arrested for assault, Noll drove to the Mahoning County Jail in Youngstown the next morning to try to straighten things out; Holmes later was a key performer in Pittsburgh's first two Super Bowls.

People who are aware of Noll's ab-

solute control of the Steelers are surprised to find he runs an open operation. When Keating joined Pittsburgh in 1973, he couldn't get over the fact that everything was announced at the team meetings—all the squad moves, the personnel changes, everything. Says Keating, "Chuck would stand up and say, 'We picked up so-and-so on waivers today. We feel he can help the club.' When I played in Oakland, in Pride and Poise Country, the only way you'd know about a move was to read it in the papers."

But when Keating was released in 1974 after the strike, after he'd been an officer in the Players Association, his views were different. "With Chuck," he said then, "it's my way or the highway."

In 1978 John Clayton of *The Pittsburgh Press* broke the story that the Steelers were dressing their rookies in pads during off-season practices. This was clearly a violation of the NFL's collective bargaining agreement with the players and cost the Steelers a third-round draft choice. Noll, in a show of anger, said, "The story had no news value whatever. The only way I can read it is as espionage."

"Reflecting on that incident," Noll says, "I made no attempt to hide that practice session. It was a silly rule and the league knew how I felt about it. Anytime you've got people going full speed on a football field, they've got to wear pads—for their own protection. My views weren't any secret. But it was written as if I'd tried to put something over. The writer didn't call me about it to hear my explanation. He simply called the league and said, 'What are you going to do about it?' Then he asked Ed Garvey (head of the NFL Players Association) the same thing. That's why I got upset."

Noll's assistant coaches represent another paradox. When Noll got the Steeler job in 1969, 16 of his 37 years had been spent in pro football, as a player and coach. But in hiring assistants, he has leaned more and more toward people without any professional experience. He felt that college people are more likely to be teachers, and he wanted men whose minds were free of other NFL systems. He got away from that idea a little when he hired Rolie Dotsch, with seven years' experience as a pro assistant, as his line coach in 1978. But Dick Houk,

the offensive backfield coach, is the only Steeler assistant who played in the NFL, and Noll's two defensive assistants, George Perles and Woody Widenhofer, who have been with him through all four Super Bowls, came straight from the colleges. No member of Noll's staff has become a head coach, even in college. The biggest shock came when Perles, with all those Super Bowl wins behind him, applied for the Michigan State job this year. Everyone thought Perles was a lock, but he was turned down in favor of Muddy Waters from Saginaw Valley College.

"I don't know the answer," Noll says. "There are guys on this staff who are fully ready to become head coaches. I wish I knew why they aren't. It's a nagging thing."

Noll and his assistants form a tight little band; they socialize together, eat together, play poker together. They have their own vocabulary—"velours," for instance, are poker hands that are absolute mortal locks. After every Super Bowl, Noll and his staff and their families take a 10-day vacation; twice they've gone to the Bahamas, twice to Acapulco. And together they've made history.

History. The inexact science that has received so much of Noll's scorn. Ever since Noll's second Super Bowl win, in 1976, people have asked him: How will history evaluate the Steelers? Are they really a dynasty?

"Can't tell now," Noll says. "It's like sainthood. You have to wait 10 years."

"This whole area of historic evaluation bothers me. It's not so much that I dislike history; it's just the interpretation of it that screws everything up. It's always the way they see it, as opposed to the way you see it. I remember once we double-dated with Marianne's roommate. The next day I heard her talking about the party we'd been to; I had a hell of a time recognizing that party from her description. One of the best things in Sandburg's biography of Abraham Lincoln is his description of the second Inaugural Address and the various editorial comments that followed. They were so different. It was amazing that so many people could read such different things into one speech. It comes back to the same thing. You hear what you want to hear. It's the same in teaching. You think to yourself, 'Boy, I did a great job teaching today,' but it's no good if the words fall on infertile ground. It's teaching, plus the

common repeated experiences, that make the whole thing work."

So, how do we evaluate Chuck Noll, a basic person and something of an intellectual, too? A man who inspires reverence in the people who work for him. "He's brilliant," Perles says. "I could never be as good as he is, and anyone who thinks he could hire one of us to be as good as Chuck is whistling Dixie."

And yet Noll is a man who can make you uneasy. "You know how it is sometimes when you're around a guy you're comfortable with," Artie Rooney says. "You could say five stupid things, and you'd think, 'Boy, I'm dumb to say that.' But it's O.K., you know he still feels you're a nice guy. Around Chuck I always feel that I have to watch myself, that I don't want to say anything stupid. I mean, I like Chuck, but being with him is almost like being with the toughest professor you ever had in college."

"I've laddered with him at times," Swann says, "but no one kids around with Chuck all the time. You pick your moments, and if you haven't picked a good one, he'll just look at you with no expression and you'll find a way to nod your head and back away."

"Chuck Noll," says Father Benedict Sellers, who teaches Latin and French at Benedictine in Cleveland, where Noll went to high school, "has been given by God the ability to lead men to victory after victory. He's humble about this gift. In a different era he would have been a great battlefield leader, certainly a great religious leader."

Don Shula and George Allen once were asked to give capsule portraits of themselves as coaches, to put in a few words the way they would like to be remembered. Each man gave it considerable thought.

"Fair-minded," Shula finally said. "Tried to do things with class. Never knowingly screwed anybody."

"I want to be remembered," Allen said, "as a man who wanted to win so badly that he'd give a year of his life to be a winner."

The same question was put to Noll recently. He smiled. Again, the interpretation of history.

"A teacher," he said. "A person who could adapt to a world of constant change. A person who could adapt to the situation. But most of all a teacher. Put down that I was a teacher."

END



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A baseball uniform has always looked good on Mike Ivie's powerful frame, and as far back as he can remember, he has wanted to wear one. When Ivie was a Little Leaguer, he was already hitting the ball so hard that some concerned parents around Decatur, Ga., petitioned to have him moved to a higher league.

Naturally, a lot of people were surprised when the 27-year-old Ivie took his San Francisco Giant uniform off last month and said that he was quitting his \$300,000-a-year job. But last week, after a sudden change of heart, a more secure

Ivie returned to the team, saying he felt fully refreshed and was anxious to begin his baseball career anew.

Ivie, a 6' 4", 210-pound first baseman, had the best season of his career last year, hitting .286, with 27 home runs and 89 RBIs. After platooning parts of four seasons at first base in San Diego and San Francisco with Willie McCovey, Ivie had finally won the position outright. "This was the first year I was going to have first base all to myself," Ivie says. "I was going to wear it out."

Unfortunately, the only thing Ivie

ing in a hotel and said, "I've got to talk to somebody; I need some more help." I knew no matter what it took, I had to straighten my stuff out before I could play again. I was super, super depressed, sleeping a lot, then going to the park at two in the afternoon and just sitting in my locker for hours. I was really kind of spaced out."

Ivie called his wife, Pam, at their home in Foster City, Calif. to tell her his decision. Despite her best efforts, she was unable to change his mind. "He said it was like being in a burning building and he had to get out," says Pam Ivie.

Several Giants were upset over Ivie's apparent lack of regard for the team, particularly Coach Jim Lefebvre, who said, "Ivie is a deserter. If he pulled something like this in the Army, he'd have a bullet hole in the back of his head."

Ivie's difficulties as a professional ballplayer began June 4, 1970, the day the Padres selected him first in the amateur draft, as a catcher. "You're supposed to be the best out of all the high school and semipro players in the country," Ivie says, as if he were describing a curse. He was 17, a pampered only child who had never been asked to wash his own clothes or do any cooking. "When I started out I was lost," he says.

During his first minor league season, Ivie developed a phobia about throwing the ball back to the pitcher. The Padres didn't realize how severe it was until spring training two years later. In an intrasquad game Ivie would double- and triple-pump before returning the ball. When Manager Preston Gomez upbraided him for it, Ivie packed his bags and flew home to Georgia. Weeks later he agreed to join the Padres' Alexandria (La.) AA farm team, but he vowed never to catch again.

"If Mike had played out his career behind the plate," says Bob Fontaine, former general manager of the Padres, "he would've become a candidate for the Hall of Fame. He had the softest, quickest hands you ever saw, a strong, accurate arm, plus all that size and power."

Ivie played in his first major league game less than a month after his 19th

He has Georgia on his mind

The Giants' Mike Ivie yearns for home, but he's giving his career one more try



wore out was himself. On June 6, after struggling all season to overcome a debilitating hand injury and a sprained left ankle, Ivie was batting .231 with only two homers and six RBIs, and the Giants were last in the National League West. He had reached a state of such high anxiety that he and Dr. Thomas Tutko, a psychologist who had been treating him, asked the Giants' management if he could have a rest. The team put Ivie on the 15-day disabled list, giving "mental exhaustion" as the reason. Following his return, Ivie remained on the bench for four games, striking out in his one appearance as a pinch hitter. Then on June 25 in San Diego he abruptly announced his plans to retire immediately.

At a press conference—which Ivie says he convened because "I didn't want to just walk away, I'm no quitter by any means"—he insisted his departure had nothing to do with his injuries or his slump. Instead, he claimed he wanted only to be "an average Joe" working a nine-to-five job in Georgia, and added that the life of a professional player had been "dehumanizing."

Ivie now says he regrets some of those statements, but not his decision to retire. "I woke up one morn-

birthday, and so him it became the second clear indication that his lifelong dream was turning into a nightmare. "Here I was catching behind Henry Aaron, Johnny Bench, Pete Rose, people like that," he says, "and I still had their bubble-gum cards on my wall. Even now, to a certain extent I feel like I want to get these guys' autographs when I see them. I realize now maybe I've put them on such a high pedestal I could never play with them."

Ivie tried to help himself early in his career by taking part in a Silva Mind Control program, a sort of transcendental Dale Carnegie course in which participants are told to think positively so they will act accordingly. But he went AWOL again in 1973 when he felt the Padres' front office had reneged on a promise to bring him up from their Hawaii farm club. Ivie continued to have his problems after reaching San Diego. In May of 1977 Manager John McNamara suspended him for two games when he refused to play third base after working out all spring at first. Playing most of the season at first, he batted .272 and in the winter of 1978 he was traded to San Francisco, where he hit .308.

By performing even better last year, Ivie seemed to have conquered most of his demons. But he was unsettled again by an off-season accident last December in which he cut the flexor tendon in the little finger of his right hand while cleaning a hunting knife. The damaged finger required delicate surgery and 8½ weeks in a cast, and when the cast came off, much of the strength in his right arm was gone. It was a devastating loss, one that gave Ivie a feeling of emasculation.

"My talent is my hitting," he says, "and I couldn't do it. Maybe I think differently than other people, but when you've had a body that's been like a bull, you expect it to perform. I went to spring training and saw guys who didn't have nearly my ability hitting the ball twice as far as I could. I wondered if I was ever going to get better, and that, in turn, created a lot of mental stress."

"The doctors said he was coming along great," says Pam Ivie, "but in his mind he wasn't doing as well as he could. That's when he began to get depressed. People can understand when you say you have cancer, but how many understand when you say you have mental depression?"

Evidently, not many. Though Ivie says now, "I was right at the point of a ner-

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ball were Hal McRae and George Brett, who used divergent approaches. McRae skipped batting practice one night because "sometimes you start thinking a little bit too much" and promptly ended a slump; he drove in 13 runs for the week. Brett, who "spent a lot of time thinking about hitting when I spent eight days in the hospital in June," six times had two or more hits in a game. During a mid-week game, Umpire Eugene Hendry tossed a bat out of the path of Willie Wilson, who was barreling toward home. Nice gesture, except that the bat struck on-deck batter Brett on the jaw. But nobody was stopping Brett, who has batted .535 in 10 games since coming off the disabled list. Wilson scored 13 runs and hit .471. Superb pitching by Larry Gura and Dan Quisenberry helped, too. Gura gave up six singles and a double while beating Baltimore 5-1 and just three singles while defeating New York for the fifth straight time in two seasons, 13-1. That left Gura with a 12-4 record and a league-leading 2.10 ERA. For his part, Quisenberry allowed only two hits in 4½ innings of relief while earning his 17th and 18th saves.

Bobby Grich of the Angels (3-4) batted .550, hit his first two homers since May 20 and singled in the 14th to beat the A's 5-4. Bob Melton of the White Sox (2-5) had two game-deciding hits. His homer enabled Brian Burns to beat Texas 2-1, and his two-run double polished off Milwaukee 10-7.

For the third time this season, Richie Zisk of the Rangers (5-2) had a game-winning hit against the White Sox, singling in the ninth for a 3-2 victory, one of three wins credited to Reliever Danny Darwin. Another clutch hit was delivered by Burp Wilks, whose 10th-inning grand slam stunned Baltimore 11-8. And Rusty Staub got his 2,500th hit.

Tony Armas of the A's (4-2) had only six hits, but four were home runs that helped produce 10 RBIs. A six-homer barrage earned Mike Norris past Cleveland 9-1, and Steve McCarty shut out the Indians 3-0 as the A's pulled off their 10th double steal of the season and seventh steal of home.

Good fielding by the Twins (3-4) aided Fernando Arroyo, who was rescued by four double plays while getting the team's first shutout over Boston since 1977.

KC 54-36 TEX 43-46 OAK 43-46 CH 41-48
MINN 41-48 SEA 37-52 CAL 33-55

NL WEST

Allen Ripley, Alvin Hargreaves and Al Holland gave San Francisco (4-3) the West's only winning record by accounting for all four Giants wins. Ripley and Reliever Holland teamed up to defeat Cincinnati 2-0, and Holland was an 8-7 victor over St. Louis when Milt May hit a grand slam in the ninth. Hargreaves, backed up by a pair of Gary Lawless saves, beat the Reds 5-3 and the Cardinals 7-4.

Twenty-six hits, seven by Terry Puhl, led

the Astros (4-5) to a 6-5, 6-1 doubleheader sweep of the Braves. While Houston was baffled by the mysterious arm trouble that put J.R. Richard on the disabled list, the Dodgers (2-5) welcomed a healthy Terry Forster back to the bullpen for the first time in nearly a year. In two outings, which totaled three innings, Forster didn't yield a hit. Dave Goltz, a flop as a starter, came on in relief to save Ben Hooton's 6-2 victory over Chicago.

Johnny Bench of the Reds (3-5) broke Yogi Berra's record for the most homers by a catcher when he hit No. 314. Berra responded with a telegram expressing his inimitable logic: "I always thought any record would stand until it was broken."

The Padres (3-4) stole 19 bases in 24 tries; Gene Kuckens got nine of the thefts and batted .460. Nine of the steals came in a three-game home-field sweep of the Dodgers. But then the Padres lost four of five on the road, where they are 14-35.

Bob Horner of the Braves (4-5) walloped six homers, including one in each game of a 5-2, 7-2 doubleheader sweep of the Phillies. While he was pitching batting practice, a line drive hit Phil Niekro so hard on his pitching elbow that the ball's stitches were visible to the doctor who checked him out. Two days later, Niekro refused to miss his pitching turn and left his imprint on the Astros, fanning 11 and allowing two hits in a 2-0 victory. "He's got to be the greatest of all time in courage," said Pitching Coach Cloyd Boyer. The Braves were not so gracious to Al Hrabosky after he threw a fastball over the head of 6'5" Pat Zachry as the Met pitcher tried to bunt with a 7-2 lead in the ninth. "There's a time for it and a time not for it," Horner said of the duster. "I didn't see any sense in it tonight." Later, Lee Mazzilli homered and told Hrabosky, "Don't be throwing at my pitcher." The Mad Hungarian went after Mazzilli and had to be restrained. "Al's crazy, but even that's no excuse," said one Atlanta player. "Those two incidents give all of us a bad name."

HOUS 50-40 LA 50-40 CIN 46-45
SF 45-46 ATL 41-45 SD 38-53

NL EAST

With two out in the last of the ninth and the Padres ahead 7-6, Cliff Johnson of the Cubs (2-4) kissed his bat as he waited in the on-deck circle. "I do that when I need some wine," he said later. "It's like your wife—when you want something from her, you butter her up." Butted up, Johnson's bat produced a two-run double for an 8-7 win.

The Pirates (7-0) had reason to love their lumber, too, batting a resounding .331 and scoring 44 runs. Mike Easler hit .474 and John Milner, who had swatted just two homers all season, slugged three. One of Milner's drives helped Rick Rhoden beat the Dodgers 6-4 for his first victory since September 1978, when he was with L.A. Dave Parker's second

homer of the game, a two-run shot in the ninth, finished off Philadelphia 13-11. In moving to within one percentage point of the first-place Expos, the Bucs also got magnificent relief work from Kent Tekulve (two saves, one win), Grant Jackson (one win, one save) and Enrique Romo (one save), who held the opposition scoreless for 11½ innings.

Montreal (5-2) had to scramble to stay on top. The first of Gary Carter's three homers for the week and 3½ innings of shutout relief

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GEORGE BRETT: Kansas City's hard-hitting third baseman had a homer, triple, three doubles and nine runs batted in, scored eight times, went 17 for 31 at the plate (.548) and boosted his batting average to a scorching .377.

by Stan Bahnsen beat Chicago 2-1. Steve Rogers' 11th victory was a 6-4 decision against Cincinnati, in which Ellis Valentine returned to the cleanup spot for the first time since he was hurt in May and got two of his nine RBIs for the week. Scott Sanderson earned his ninth triumph, 6-1 over the Reds. Ron LeFlore, who had seven of the Expos' 15 steals, triggered that victory with three hits, three thefts and three runs. Montreal's toughest win was a 5-4 decision in Houston, Carter singling in the tie-breaking run in the 11th. Although the Astros outthrew the Expos 18-10, they left 19 men on base. Winner Woodie Fryman exasperated Houston by not allowing a run after the Astros had loaded the bases in the eighth, ninth and 10th innings.

Tight pitching and the play of Blake McBride kept the Phillies (3-5) from collapsing. Rookie Bob Walk ran his record to 6-0 when he beat Houston 4-2 on three hits. Steve Carlton fanned 10 Astros while defeating them 2-1 with the aid of McBride, who stole second after each of his two singles and scored both runs. McBride and Pete Rose then drove in three runs each to down Atlanta 7-2.

Lee Mazzilli's five home runs, 11 RBIs and .471 batting kept the Mets (5-3) in the race. In his first start since coming up from the minors, Roy Lee Jackson struck out 12 Reds and coasted to a 13-3 victory.

It was an up-and-down week for the Cardinals (3-4). They were at their best when Pete Vuckovich defeated San Diego 3-0 and when they scored 10 runs in the third inning of a 15-3 win the next day. It was their biggest inning since 1968. George Hendrick, who hit his 20th homer in that game, had 10 RBIs and took over the major league lead with 76. St. Louis was at its worst while dropping a doubleheader to New York, committing six errors and adding two balks and a wild pitch to its list of cardinal sins.

MONT 40-36 PIT 50-39 PHIL 47-40
NY 44-45 STL 39-51 CHI 36-50

Big wheel in Motor City

Detroit fans can't get enough of unbeaten welterweight Thomas Hearns, but his 28 foes beg to differ. Next week WBA champ Jose (Pipino) Cuevas hooks up with the Cobra

You can get to Berrien Springs, Mich. by heading 200 miles west on I-94 from Detroit, or by driving along the southern shore of Lake Michigan from Chicago, or via the airports at Benton Harbor to the north or South Bend, Ind. to the south. Any route you choose ultimately takes you through the lush green farmland known in those parts as Michiana—through groves of giant oak and elm, past rushing streams and placid lakes, by filling stations, general stores and post offices, big old barns, white clapboard homes and little red schoolhouses.

At Berrien Springs' lone spotlight you turn east off Highway 31 and make a right at the Jack Frost Drive-In, and two miles ahead, where the road ends, a pair of iron gates mark the entrance to an 89-acre spread backed up against the St. Joseph River. Incongruously, Al Capone once hung out in this Edward Hopper setting, and a sign now identifies the place as Muhammad Ali Farms. The Champ himself trained there before whupping Ken Norton in 1976. The current tenant is alternately called the Detroit Hitman or the Motor City Cobra, although his mother and everyone else who knew him when know him only as Thomas Hearns.

Hearns is a 21-year-old welterweight, undefeated in 28 professional bouts, 26 of which ended in knockouts in an average span of 3.3 rounds. More than that, though, he is a native of and a special treasure to the city of Detroit, as the Cadillac once was, as the UAW once was, as the Tigers and Lions and Red Wings once were. Hence Hearns' nicknames. Hence the crowds that have grown steadily larger for his regular bouts in ancient Olympia Stadium. Hence the excitement that

is building in the Motor City for Hearns' Aug. 2 WBA title challenge against 22-year-old Jose (Pipino) Cuevas in the centerpiece of Detroit's magnificent Renaissance Center, 22,000-seat Joe Louis Arena. And, should he beat Cuevas, it would be Detroit's great pleasure come, say, early 1981 to see Hearns dispatch, for his 30th career victim, the Great Roberto Duran or the Great Sugar Ray Leonard, whichever of them happens to the reigning WBC welterweight champion.

At 11:30 of a July morning in the main house at the Berrien Springs camp, Hearns is sprawled in front of a thoroughly scrambled television picture listening to the sound of a game show and drinking Hawaiian Punch. His face—young and smooth with large, round eyes—is blank. His spiky hair is brushed straight upward. Long, bony arms and legs stick out of a T shirt and shorts. He is nudged from a daze. His boyish voice is languid and quiet.

"Just taking a break," he says, embarrassed to be caught resting. "Did my running early. Going to work right now. You like horses? Motorbikes? Fishing? We be doin' all of that today. Let's go."

With that he is up and out, grabbing some fruit from the kitchen, stuffing a nectarine into a pocket. Suddenly there's no incongruity to Hearns' being on the farm. At 6' 1", 150 pounds, all arms and legs and face and hair, he's surely more Huck than Hitman.

Living outside of the city for the first time in his life, if only for a month, and training for the biggest fight of his life, Hearns is having a ball. It is Tommy's Holiday Camp, endless fun punctuated by hard work and attended by loyal friends. Now he's trying to get one of

the camp's minibikes running. He lifts it and turns it upside down to see why it refuses to start.

Hearns puts down the bike. "I need to strip it," he says, then picks it up and carries it a quarter mile to the caretaker's house to borrow some tools. While the caretaker's wife hunts up the tools Hearns had ordered, he introduces himself to her little girl Heidi, talks to her sweetly and helps her with her rope-jumping. "I think I could have been any kind of athlete I wanted to be," he says as he starts taking the bike apart. "Baseball, basketball ... but when I was young the majority of my friends were into boxing. Like one day I needed someone to play with and I realized they were all boxing. There weren't really a lot of activities around where I grew up on the east side of Detroit, so I figured I'd go into boxing instead of just staying around the house sleeping all the time. I was 10 years old."

He started fighting at the King Solomon Recreation Center, but when his coach quit, he moved to the Kronk Rec Center on the corner of McGraw and Junction on the west side to work under Emanuel Steward, the man who trains Hearns to this day.

"When Thomas first came to me [at age 14], he was so skinny and he really wasn't any good at all," says Steward. "I didn't want to give him too much of my time. But he wanted to learn so badly, and he worked harder than anyone."

Having reduced the bike to a pile of components, Hearns says, "I was able to travel all over the world as a teen-ager. Poland, Indonesia—everywhere. In 163 fights I had only eight losses. Travel gets to me now. I just want to stay around De-

troit. People there give me great support. If it weren't for them, I don't think I could perform. I grew up with eight brothers and sisters, but still I was lonely a lot. Now people just want to shake my hand, hold me—I have people around all the time who just want to talk to me. Now I never be lonely."

Two of Hearn's entourage, Prentiss Byrd, whom Hearn calls "my P.R. man," and Hearn's best friend, Elijah Hannah, wander by as he monkeys with the bike.

"Cuevas won't make five," says Byrd. "Don't think so," says Hearn, pulling off a tire.

"He's going to press and press, until you hit him three or four times," says Byrd. "Then you're going to press. No one's ever seen Cuevas back up before. You're going to back him up."

"And Dee-troit is going to have a champion," says Hannah.

"Right now, the city just happens to have a lot of losers," says Hearn. "Can't win 'em all. You have your good days and your bad days."

"You win 'em all," says Hannah.

"I just happened to have a few good days," says Hearn.

"Twenty-six of them," says Hannah.

"Twenty-eight of them," says Hearn. "Twenty-six were exceptional."

Hearn is constantly being compared with Sugar Ray Leonard, which perhaps would be grating to another young man in Hearn's position. After all, unlike Leonard, Hearn wasn't fortunate enough to have the Olympics as a launching pad to a pro career. Instead of having the luxury of turning down fights or deals he might have felt were beneath him, Hearn has had to scrounge for opponents, mainly because few fighters relish the prospect of getting in with him. Four years ago at the age of 17, Hearn went to the finals of the 132-pound division of the National AAU tournament and lost a close decision to Howard Davis. Against his doctor's wishes, Hearn fought with a broken nose and had great difficulty breathing. He passed up the Olympic Trials a month later, and Davis went on to win the gold medal in Montreal, becoming a national hero along with Leonard and the rest of commanding big money. Hearn, meanwhile, won everything as an amateur the following year—AAU, Golden Gloves—and in November of 1977 he turned pro.

Hearn started out against locals like Jerome Hill (KO 2) and Willie Wren (KO 3), while being turned down by established welters like Randy Shields, Pete Ranzany, Davey (Boy) Green and Johnny Turner. Each of them fought—and lost to—Leonard. Hearn had two early fights at the Olympia—Jimmy Rothwell (KO 1) and Raul Aguirre (KO 3). The Rothwell bout drew 3,200, Aguirre 3,500. Then on Aug. 3 he fought Eddie Marcelle, ranked eighth in the world at the time, and Hearn dropped him in the second round. "That one drew 5,000," says Byrd, "and that's when we got started."

The crowds grew, and the Haitian legend was born. Hearn's bout with Clyde Gray in January 1979 (KO 10) drew more than 12,000. "Ever since then the guy has owned Detroit," says Byrd. Of Hearn's first 17 fights, all were won by knockout, and only three went longer than four rounds.

Hearn has a punishing left jab, which is all the more effective because of his height advantage—he's usually at least three inches taller than his opponent. "Usually I can stand almost straight up with my head bent down just a little," says Hearn, "and my left arm is in perfect position for a perfect jab. A lot of

continued



Hearn has a punishing jab, but his right hand has done the heaviest damage in his 26 knockouts.



Something's fishy here: Is this Huck or Hearn's?

times, if I stay in front of a guy and keep using my jab, I never get hit. At all. Now, when I see a point where I can get my right hand on the guy, usually I'm going to get him out. My best punch is my right. But I can hurt you with either hand."

As Hearn systematically defeated opponent after opponent, the boxing world, even Leonard, had to take notice. He showed up at the Hearn-Jose Figueroa bout in Los Angeles last September, a third-round knockout victory for Hearn. When Leonard was invited to visit Hearn's dressing room after the fight, he refused and said to one of Hearn's handlers, "You guys ought to keep that animal caged up."

Hearn is uncomfortable being called things like an animal and the Hitman. "A hitman is a person who goes out to kill people for money," he says. "Sure, I'm getting paid for what I do, but I don't try to kill nobody." Detroit Mayor Coleman Young, who knows a city treasure when he sees one and knows the kind of

image Detroit does not need, doesn't like the nickname Hitman either. He has used his influence to have Hearn called the Motor City Cobra whenever he fights in Detroit.

The Cobra, the Hitman, whatever he's called the night of Aug. 2, will have to be at his best against Cuevas. The champ will be a far tougher opponent for Hearn than either Harold Weston (KO 6) or Bruce Curry (KO 3), who are two of the best he has faced. Cuevas is a ferocious puncher himself, a butcher-shop owner from Mexico City with a 27-6 record and 24 knockouts, including 10 against the 11 opponents who have challenged him for the title he won from Angel Espada on July 17, 1976. At 5'9", Cuevas is a typical welterweight in height; Hearn will have four inches on him. But Cuevas' manager, Lupe Sanchez, says that Cuevas is the best puncher pound for pound since Sugar Ray Robinson.

Hearn says, "I have no fear. I never have. Against Cuevas I will move from side to side early, check him out, keep him off me with my jab. I intend to land the first punch. He's going to come to me. That's good. That makes it easier for me to come to him. I don't do any playing in the ring. If I see an opening to get my right hand on him, then I think I'll knock him out."

Hearn talks confidently about Leonard and Duran, in a subdued voice, as if he's letting you in on a secret.

"I feel that if you're afraid to box someone, then you shouldn't be in the fight game," he says. "There are other sports where you don't have contact. I think Sugar Ray needs one of those. He needs to get into tennis, or golf. Or Frisbee. Frisbee would be nice for Sugar Ray. Because he has no heart for boxing. I think now that he has his money he's going to get out, 'cause if he stays in any longer he could get hurt. If he stays in, there might be a possibility that he's going to run into me. And I'm not going to be as easy on him as Duran was."

"Duran? I think Duran's thing is he tries to be a bully. He shows me nothing. I think nothing of Duran. He's too small, and he's too old for a guy like me. I'm 21 years old and Duran is 29. I love boxing guys that old. I love it. Look, youth is what's happening today. Older women like younger men, right? And older

men like younger women. I'm young. I know when I'm with somebody old, they can't last as long as I can, O.K.? It goes for fighters. I don't think Duran would be able to last with me."

Steward's timetable has Hearn in perfect position to fulfill a dream that no one in the Hearn camp can keep from revealing. It goes like this: after Hearn beats Cuevas for the WBA title and Duran and Leonard have a rematch for the WBC title, Hearn will fight and beat the survivor. Then he will retire from the welterweight division undefeated, put a few more pounds on that 6'1" frame and walk through the junior middleweights, the middleweights and finally the light-heavies. "He can do it," says Steward. "Thomas can do that. He can win world championships in four divisions, something that no one in the sport has ever done."

Meanwhile, the Motor City Cobra—"I can deal with Motor City Cobra," says Hearn—rides his fortunes with boyish joy. Even now, a few weeks before the Cuevas fight, having done his running, sparring and bag work, Hearn has the energy to race the minibike, catch half a dozen trout, clean out a table of poker players and ride a horse. As the sun begins to set, he dashes into the camp kitchen where Sam Fenton, the resident chef from the Caribbean island of Montserrat, is ready to heap a mountain of food onto Hearn's plate.

"What is this?" says Hearn, making a face.

"Chicken Montserratian," says Fenton, as Hearn, still standing, tears into the food.

"Looks like chop suey to me," Hearn mumbles, his mouth full.

"Thomas," says Byrd sternly. "Go unsaddle that horse. He'll catch cold, man."

"I'm going back to ride him some more," Hearn says, his mouth stuffed, one foot already out the door. He ducks back in. "Sam, cook up those fish for me when I get back. O.K.? Chinese food always makes me hungry."

"Thomas, you're always hungry," the chef says in his Caribbean accent. "The more you get, the more you want, and never, never, never do you get fat."

"I know, Sam. It's because I'm hungry. I'm the hungriest."

In seconds, he is riding off—yes, into the sunset. END

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IT'S SEVEN O'CLOCK

15:03

A photograph of a foggy street scene. Two people are walking away from the camera on a dark, wet pavement. The person in the foreground is wearing a dark coat and a red beanie. The person further ahead is wearing a blue jacket and a light-colored beanie. A large, green, 3D digital clock overlay is positioned in the center of the image, displaying the time 15:03. The background is a hazy, greyish-blue sky and distant buildings.

IN THE MORNING

and he'll run the whole night through. To capture the author, we're converging near the dock at London's Crystal Palace after enduring 55 hours of a grueling 24-hour race.

BY JAMES E. SHAPIRO



CONTINUED

It is Oct. 29, 1979. I feel remarkably calm for someone about to set off on a 24-hour run round and round a 400-meter track with other lunatics in an attempt to see how many miles we can cram into our allotted time. But after waiting a year for a single day's appearance, it is better to get on with it rather than speculate an instant longer. Today when I awoke, after one of the more troubled sleeps I have had, the English morning was still cold and gray. I had a splitting headache that did not leave me until I carried my gear onto the sunbathed running track at the Crystal Palace National Sports Centre in south London. Only then was it real. I could relax, for whatever would come of it would finally happen.

Official 24-hour races are always held on a track for purposes of record-keeping and simplicity. Runners in the terminal stages of exhaustion would be hazards on the roadways. Even navigating the straight lines and the double set of curves on a track can become difficult for those able to last the full measure of one of ultra-marathoning's longest trials.

Before the start I shake hands with a few runners I know and a few who introduce themselves, like Joe Record of Australia and Jan Knippenberg of the Netherlands. As for the others, I realize there will be time enough to make their acquaintance. There are 17 of us lined up now, everyone's quiet. All were invited by a special subcommittee of England's Road Runners Club, which considered us each capable of covering a minimum of 130 miles. At 4 p.m., a starter raises his arm. Dark shapes at the sides of the track remind me of the tiny cluster of spectators and handlers gathered to watch. I wonder if they will not be quite sick of us by the next afternoon. The gun goes off. After months of training, anxiety, swings between hopefulness and apprehension, I am in motion at last. It feels, of course, completely normal and unremarkable.

As we round the first curve we are all in a bunch, except for Don Ritchie, a Scot who storms into the lead in his customary style. Within 200 meters he has opened up a lot of daylight, but he is the world-record holder for several distances, including 100 miles, and is entitled to run the way he considers best. Less than a week before, Ritchie was in America competing in the New York City Marathon. He then returned to his home in northern Scotland and, after a week's work, came down in a second-class railway car last night for this day's labor. Peter Hart, a rosy-cheeked farmer who is also in the race, had been out digging potatoes on his farm near Coventry till three in the afternoon yesterday, when rain forced him to stop. I feel as if I had pampered myself by lying around a hotel room for a week.

We get to see Ritchie very frequently, for at his pace of 5:44 per mile—the rest of us are doing 7:30 to 8:30—he shoots by every few laps. I wonder whether I should move into the second lane every time someone passes me, but mixed in with a genuine goodwill toward my fellow competitors is a measure of prickliness. Let them go round me, I think mulishly.

The spectators near the starting line watch us, and some of them snap pictures. My sister, Harriet, is there with some English friends, and I grin inanely every two minutes as I flit past. I can't help it. Harriet told me before the start I looked radiant, and I know I am buzzing along with the needle jammed up on a full tank. The delight can't last but it's legitimate to be goofy for a bit.

In a while the little crowd of watchers begins to dwindle. The bright sun on this clear, cloudless day begins to fall perceptibly toward the edge of the roof overhanging the stadium seats. Although the sky is wide and open overhead and trees and grass can be glimpsed as one end of this complex, there is nothing specially interesting to look at.

I had twice come down earlier in the week to run on the track and get a feeling for the place. On an empty gray day, with the unfil floodlights and distant television towers visible through the drizzle, it resembled nothing so much as a sterile astronaut training center. The rattle of a beer can driven by the wind carried from one end of the stadium to the other. At least with all of us here, the place and the enterprise has an element of cheer. From a nearby zoo comes the witless braying of a donkey.

The sun dips further and the tiny faces of the recorders

With stormy steps, hearts full of hope and a few miles, 17 distance



in the press box recede into obscurity. One man, or woman, is assigned to each of us, to do nothing but chart our progress. Each single revolution we make is recorded and timed down to the second. We are playing for keeps, knocking ourselves out for the sake of numbers and lists that only we and a few dozen others around the world bother to read and remember.

What do I think about in the early stages of the race when 22 or 23 hours loom ahead? What ennobling declarations of will do I review in my mind? It must seem to an outsider that one would go mad with boredom or anxiety, going round and round like a lab animal frantically spinning a treadmill before expiring. I have to admit to having had such fears myself. I am a road runner. I love mucking through the streets of my hometown of Manhattan or scooting out the door with a day pack to head due north with a pal or two for whatever faraway training station we have decided to get to. I love the joy of being on the road, moving steadily toward a goal. Something always happens, and there is a bit of fullness at the end of such a run, nothing of stunning spiritual dimensions but all the same deeply pleasurable. There are worse hobbies.

And now I am in England, running against the clock, in

runners set off at testtime to explore the unknown—and unimagined



a confined space, something that I know very little about. There is no set distance to get through today. It is whatever flesh and spirit can bear. Anything less will be a failure.

The 24-hour is one of the classics. Too many men and women I admired had done it for me to forgo the challenge. It has too perfect a shape and handle for me not to yearn to pick it up and use it to pry myself open to see what I am made of. In the first hour or two, all seems well. If anything, I am going a touch faster than I really want to. It is easy to dip below eight minutes a mile, but that is too fast. Every time I go by the starting line, I look at the digital clock with red numerals in display. Tiny things interest me as I approach the clock. First, I notice that it is powered by car batteries that some helpful soul has covered in thick plastic in case of rain. That took several laps to perceive. Soon I begin to wonder where I should avert my eyes to carry the memory of the time around with me so that I can calculate my per-lap time. A single stride changes my angle of vision on the sign and makes a difference of a second or two in my elapsed time.

I begin to lose interest in my lap times. I am running in what feels like neutral, just doing it, letting myself run, trying to stay as easy as I can. I hang behind a few knots of runners, content not to talk, preferring to feel whatever it is I am feeling. I am pleasantly detached and, for the moment, socially self-sufficient. Race chatter drags me down very quickly, so I save my few comments for my two handlers, friends from New York, Melanie Marcus and Joe Greene. Melanie has got our little site perked up with a stove, a brightly colored tent, a suitcase with my extra clothing and doodads and stacks of food and drinks. It is nice to have friends take care of you, nice not to have to worry.

I notice the other tents as I go by. There are big ones and little ones. The refreshment stewards who service all of us have a tent, too. Jack Bristol, the other American in the race, has slung his backpack near our site and runs in contentedly independent style. Jack and I have shared stretches of American roadway in other long races, but he is going much faster than I am, so we have limited social contact during the first few hours. He says things like "Huffa-puff" when he glides by, lapping me again and again. I say, "Yes, sir!" a phrase I have absorbed from a running pal in New York. Then he goes round again and says, "Huffa-puff" with the same easy relish. It is slightly mad and I wonder if our exchange will become unbearable after several dozen repetitions. Although we are all trying to run each other's guts out, we enjoy each other's company and chat at odd intervals like straphangers on the subway.

Darkness comes early. I am doing between 6½ and seven miles an hour. I feel pleased at banging along so steadily and am only mildly grim when the huge electronic scoreboard at one end of the stadium lights up with our positions and distance covered. Out of 17, I am running next to last, but I had expected that. My strategy is simple. The world record is 161 miles, 545 yards. I will try to surpass it. I had looked into a mirror a few times

continued

the last day or so to see how rested I was and to see who it was who stared back. Was I a loon or a dark horse? I couldn't be sure. I would run steadily; let the speed boys run themselves out. The natural focus point for most people would be 100 miles, and then their psychological resistance would weaken. Very well. I would nurse myself along to 100 as easily as I could and then put the pressure on by remaining steady. I would stay aloof from dueling for position. Spill your limited energy too recklessly early on and the closing hours would be brutal. Go easy. Go relaxed. Save energy. Ignore the world. Forget the innate tendency to close up on the pair of heels in front. The 24-hour is a special monster. It required, I felt, obedience to special laws, or it would flatten one as indifferently as a hippo flopping down on a patch of grass. Those were the rules I had smoked out on long runs along the Hudson River. After seven or eight hours of pounding I would say to myself, "This is what the last eight will be like in London. Legs dying but keep the swing going. Keep going, you bastard, just easy now." And then when I had done what I had asked, I would ask a little more.

There is a problem at about three hours. I have managed until now to ignore its faint warning signals, but it is clearly not going to go away. In spite of the advice of a few friends to train as much as possible around a track, I didn't do much of it, and now my right leg, unaccustomed to pushing (we are running counterclockwise), begins to develop an acorn-sized area of throbbing on the inside of the upper thigh. It is nothing in terms of relative discomfort, but it casts a long shadow. It threatens the one thing I have most feared—no immense fatigue but a sudden giving out of muscle or tendon, something irremediable, some unforeseen hairline crack of vulnerability that will split the whole enterprise down the middle.

Part of my program is to stop every hour and 55 minutes and do five minutes of stretching on a foam rubber mat spread out on the grass. By eight in the evening it is chilly, and when I lie down on the mat, it is wet with condensation. Vapor swirls off my sweatshirt. I work my thighs as best I can to help them out. It is only when I start in again that I feel the incipient cramp. Soon the left thigh begins to mirror the pain as well. I have never had my thighs cramp so ridiculously early. Then I remember that everyone who does these things runs through difficulties that seem horrendous and then fade. Sometimes things just go away. It is the fear of not knowing the ultimate effect that is the worst, not the thing itself. I feel more cheerful.

Miles click by. What was this fantasy about a nightmare of monotony? The hours do not quite vanish effortlessly, especially when the face of the digital clock speaks so bluntly at every turn, but there is a certain pleasure in going round and round the little village of tents. There is the knowledge that high up in the press box one's achievement is being meticulously recorded. And there are the drinks every couple of laps. I squeeze the little bottle, swallow the squirt, catch breath, repeat, and suddenly the lap is gone.

Knippenberg, whose thin frame with the bony elbows has pattered past me with regularity, begins to relax. We get to know each other. There is just time for one exchange on every encounter. As he runs ahead out of earshot I call out a last phrase. Then we pick up the conversation again later on. Ritchie shoots past and asks how I'm doing. Startled that he has broken his silence, I call back that I am fine.

From the loudspeaker a voice with a British accent occasionally comments on developments. For a long while Ritchie appears to be on course to a 100-mile record. The rest of us urge him on and he gets encouragement from those watching.

My sister comes to the edge of the track, a face in the window of my cell, to say she is returning to central London. Next lap we say good night. She vanishes and I consider for a moment that she will go to sleep in a warm bed and wake up on another day and have breakfast, and all the while I will be awake, still here. It simply is not real.

At 7:45 p.m. my thighs are worse. I do some quick stretching but it doesn't help. First food of the evening is chicken noodle soup. The body expends about 100 calories a mile, 700 calories an hour, perhaps 16,000 calories by the end of the race. There is no way to eat enough to keep up, but

fat metabolism will carry one for the whole distance. The soup is delicious, but when I try to eat a banana it seems repugnant.

It takes me a long time to decide to change from a mesh T shirt and shorts even though I can see Melanie bundling up during the early evening. There is always the chance of losing too much body heat, so I call out on one lap for her to pin numbers on a sweatshirt. As the clothing is being readied, I run a couple of laps, then two more before I stop, and another mile is gone. So they go, still sleeping away with minimal effort, punctuated by little events that are most important to the venture.

There is, for example, the critical matter of urinating.

There is no toilet by the side of the track, so we are



The next morning, Peter Hart hobbled at a weary walk

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23 EPA
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24-HOUR RUN continued

asked to run into one of the dressing rooms under the stands. The rules require us to come back on the track exactly where we left off, but no one is checking. The mere idea of cheating among such a group seems absurd. All the same I watch myself and note a convenient post that I use to mark my departure so as to make an angle for the dressing room door with a minimal waste of meters. But a little later in the evening I see two runners relieving themselves side-by-side on the grassy swath, a few yards from a fence. There are no women in the race; and those who are handlers do not wander down by this spot. I decide that I, too, shall use this corner. I am taking liquids copiously for such a cool night, and tension or excitement or the weather or something is making me urinate sometimes as frequently as every six or seven laps.

Around this time, about five hours into the race, Ritchie's feet are slapping at a tremendous rate, and I wonder how anyone can run that hard for another 19 hours. Then he says something going by me. "What's that?" I say. "Damn silly race," he says. It seems a bad attitude to have so early, and I guess that he might drop out. I feel more certain of it later when he sits down on the track, a blanket over his shoulders while an attendant bandages his right foot to prevent a deep blister from getting worse. I hope he will soon fade back or drop out. It is nothing personal—I like Don very much—but I simply want to be the top survivor by the end of the next day's daylight.

As the night continues to wear on, a white mist begins to dim the floodlights. A few minutes after every hour I have Joe climb up to the officials' box and check on my progress. It is another focus point. The word is good: 1 hour—7½ miles; 2 hours—14 miles; 3 hours—20½ miles; 4 hours—27½ miles; 5 hours—34 miles; 6 hours—41 miles; 7 hours—47½ miles.

Ritchie drops out after more than 50 miles of running. At least I will not be the first. Stuart Mike Newton of London, running in shorts the entire way, is making good time and has moved into second place behind Bristol. The two of them go through 50 miles in less than 6½ hours, world-record pace for 24 hours by a big margin. I figure they have to fade. Can't worry too much about them, though, I have some serious catching up to do. Knippenberg has lost his social chatter and complains when I ask him about stomach cramps. He mentions a 400-kilometer run (248.4 miles) he competed in this year that took him more than 43 hours to complete. Veterans of such efforts

are not to be dismissed lightly. I remind myself of the sort of sour and impoverished character in Balzac waiting for his relatives to die off. I cast a quick look at Knippenberg. He just may not last, I think.

Once in a while now I pass someone else on a lap. That feels good. There are bits of conversation. Frank Thomas, of the Chelmsford Athletic Club in Essex, just north of London, mentions 100-mile runs he has done over the hilly countryside of rural England. He runs lightly with an incredibly upright, springy carriage, and he is running conservatively. I josh him about his knit cap, what a garish collection of colors it is, but as we get into the night hours he grows quiet, so I leave him alone.

At 10 p.m. the loudspeakers say there will be no more amplified comments until seven the next morning so local residents will not be disturbed. After the announcer signs off, the message board, with its yellow light bulbs, posts information on our relative positions and time covered. Personal messages are displayed: So-and-so is thinking of you now with all her love—things like that. The silence in the stadium grows steadily deeper. Now even the leaders begin to stop on occasion to grab a drink and walk a few yards. Extra pullovers are put on. The blue flames of camp stoves keep pots of tea on the boil, the steam rising from spouts straight up into the calm unbroken cold. Off to the north the lights of central London brush the clouds with red. A dog howls somewhere nearby but the donkey has been silent for hours now. I simply go on, trying to keep arm action relaxed, palms relaxed, to release through my heels, as my stretch teacher in New York told me to do. There is no boredom out here for me. I am used to night running. I think briefly of running home from a nighttime cooking job in Brooklyn, over the Brooklyn



England's David Jones managed to shuffle off to victory.

Bridge and up through the stone arroyos of lower Manhattan. That was lonely in the same nice way. Night running is always quiet and detached.

Nine hours into the race, I really begin to suffer. Perhaps because the initial excitement has worn off and I have discovered how keyed up I was, I have begun to pay the price. I cannot get comfortable, particularly my thighs. They have begun to really jam up now. There is a real bite in every stride. I make a last attempt to stretch, but when I get up from the yoga mat and start off, I am a victim of what I call "flash freeze"—when the muscles almost immediately give in to severe tightening. I hobble along until I can get into the swing again. Now what do I do? Plans are a bit shattered. Anything less than 130 miles will

continued

be a bitter disappointment. A vast depression engulfs me.

But I am not about to discuss it with Melanie or Joe or anyone else. It is one of the worst hours of running I have ever endured. In some odd way I am losing my nerve. But the familiar astrigent thought comes along: these things happen and you get through them after a while.

The hour passes and other things happen. The horror fades and I notice an unusual problem for myself—blisters. This results from arrogance: I had decided not to put Vaseline on my toes. My feet are already tough enough, I had decided that morning. Now I sit down on a chair and pull off a shoe and a sock. I wince from the smell. Sure enough I find a blister the size of a grape between two toes. I tear at it to break the liquid, and Vaseline the toes. My friends on the track are not slowing down for my sake. I catch their glances as I sit. I know they are thinking about the yards they are picking up on me. I change socks, retie shoes, jump up and go at it again. My number in front is held on with four safety pins that pass through metal eyelets stamped into the cardboard. The weight of the paper number makes it bounce with an audible tin-tot kind of noise. When I notice the sound it seems detestable.

Newton runs past for the umpteenth time. He has closed on Bristol and taken over first place. Now I watch Newton running with an easy clip-clop style, not going at full tilt but all the same eating up the miles at an impressive rate. If he kept it up he could well get the world's record. He is too far ahead to worry about, so I can afford to be nice. "You're going well," I tell him frequently. He shakes his head and mutters darkly about not lasting much more. But he shows no external signs of wear. Bristol is beginning to slow down as he nears 90 miles, and now and then I get back a lap. All the same his running style, which is the most graceful and flowing on the track, might carry him out of my reach.

At 1 a.m. I have gone 66 miles and an hour later I am at 72 miles. I imagine I am on my March run between my Upper West Side apartment in Manhattan and my father's house 105 miles away in upstate New York. I have clicked off the familiar Hudson River valley towns. Croton-on-Hudson (31 miles); Peekskill, where the steep and forested hills rise straight up from the water (40 miles); the Dutchess County signpost on the right-hand side of the road (50-odd miles); and now the city limits of Poughkeepsie (73 miles). In two more hours I will go through Staatsburg and Hyde Park before reaching the stoplight in Rhinebeck, where I make a right-hand turn. Two hours to Rhinebeck. I think I can manage that. My thighs are suffering but stable. There will be no grand surges tonight. No triumphant march through the distant barriers of a world record. I smile and abandon that notion. I can be content with steadiness.

By 3 a.m. I have gone 78 miles, 200 yards, which is approximately what I had aimed for. For the first time I am in the top half of the field on the board. Newton, still in first, is at 92 miles, 400 yards. Bristol is at 89 miles, 400 yards and David Jones, an Englishman, is at 82 miles, 850 yards.

Then the board tells us we are at the halfway point, 12 hours gone. The rest is downhill from here, it assures us, and in my imagination I perceive an immense plain that tips down toward the edge of the sky. It is not such an absurdity for us to feel that "only 12 hours remain." And I

am getting eager again. There is a pack of three or four men just a few minutes off, and I give in for a while to the urge to chase. More frequently now I begin to gain back a lap. I do math and realize that to gain even a few miles on someone running strongly is very hard indeed. I am running at between an 8:30 and 8:50 pace.

The feline fog of Carl Sandburg finally makes its long-delayed appearance. Beyond the sharp white light of our circle, the city has grown steadily more silent and remote. A radio that someone has put beside the track provides music from past and present. It is cheerful, if somewhat absurd, to hear Elvis or Steve Wonder. One of the runners has gone off into deep space with earphones and some sort of radio hookup he has strapped to himself. Normally such devices elicit a snarl from me, but I am feeling charitable to-night and I go by without passing judgment. Then at 4 a.m. the radio falls silent except for a long crackle. On the next lap I hear crackle again and it nettles me.

The fog settles in with a vengeance. On the far side of the track the figures become dim, ghostly, and the flat brightness of the early evening becomes smokier. Reports come down from the officials' box that they are having trouble reading our numbers.

I see Newton talking to someone by the side of the track. Then he vanishes inside a tent. Word filters in whispers through our little community. He is out at 104 miles, 1,561 yards, and I feel a small wave of sorrow for him. At least he got a great 100-mile time from it: 13:09:15. That puts Bristol in first place.

I have long since abandoned the idea of stopping for stretches and I contemplate the ironic fact that it is far more comfortable to run for 24 hours than to try to ease through it. As long as I keep moving I will avoid freezing up, but my progress slows between 4 and 5 in the morning, when I cover only six miles. I think of a few running friends in New York. It is midnight there, and they have probably thought once or twice, well, Jim's well into it now. I get a small smile out of that.

At 5 a.m. I have done 90% miles and I tell Joe that I can smell 100 miles coming up. It is only a temporary goal. Too many 24-hour men strain to reach that and then crack, slumping from 8-minute to 11-minute miles. So I allow my enthusiasm a short leash. Someone tells me my pace will bring me to 156 miles at the finish.

I am slipping. There is no point in discussing the slowly rising waters. Like hemlock drinkers, I can feel the numbness coming up, the slowly piercing message of deep fatigue, that the muscles and tendons and bones are voiding even extraordinary stores. I get it most clearly in my feet, some sort of rare feeling as if they are long strips of flapping flesh. I had made a pretense of saying that I would stop short of really damaging myself, but that isn't true, and just before dawn I nod at the realization. "How are you doing?" Melanie asks. "Very comfortable," I say. "Well, not too comfortable."

At 6 a.m. I complete 95% miles. About an hour and a quarter earlier, Bristol, still the leader, went past the 100-mile mark in 13:46:12. He is perhaps nine miles ahead of me. With nine hours to go I must make up at least 4 laps

every hour. It doesn't look likely. At 15:45 I get my own 100-mile split. I have improved my best time for 100 miles by about 35 minutes. I say in a burst of enthusiasm to no one in particular, "Well, at least I've done a decent workout so far." There is laughter from some listeners, although I hadn't meant to be humorous.

Eight twenty-five in the morning brings me to 110 miles and third place. Jones is closing on Bristol, who's just 20 minutes ahead of him. I am now in new territory. Every step makes it the longest run of my life. Most of my companions look the worse for wear. Hart is limping along, cheerfully giving me a verbal boost every time I go by. But he is walking, no chance of his running again. Englishman Malcolm Campbell, who was finally persuaded at some ungodly hour to put on warmer clothes, has at long last faded back to walking and slow running. When I lap him I ask how he's doing. "I'm running on memory," he says. Twenty minutes later he puts on a burst of speed and is going faster than anyone else on the track. And so he goes, alternating between a crawl and a mean run. Knippenberg had retired during the dark hours. Some of the others walk; hardly anyone runs very fast anymore. One man sits down on a chair and takes a few drags on a cigarette while his taut-looking legs get a massage from several pairs of hands. There are 13 survivors.

I have no appetite. I never really did, after all. Cups of hot chicken noodle soup are nice. Cups of tea with milk and sugar and a handful of grapes give a bit of a lift. Melanie asks about the meal of mashed potatoes and peas I had once carefully plotted in; I shake my head. I am getting a little cranky sometimes now about being asked if I want this or that. I miss my sister. I want her to get back before I crack and start to walk. About a quarter to 11 Harriet shows up and tells me how wonderful I look. That cheers me up. Only a couple of days later do I learn how well she lied. "You were holding yourself in check but by morning you were just crawling around out there with your arms pulled high and jutting out to the sides like little chicken wings," she said. I had no idea. True, at one point I had gone into the dressing room and debated whether to take a look at my face in the mirror—simply objective curiosity, just as a medical student might study a burn victim. I looked, and I had to laugh I looked so bad—chalk white, new lines in the face, the quick aging you get when G-forces squash you out of shape.

Sunday morning in London, even at Crystal Palace, does involve a few things other than a 24-hour run into eternity. Through a fence beyond the scoreboard appear some young lads practicing field hockey. Like a child with its face to the bus window, I stare with stupor-wonder at the sight of new faces and sights. When their practice is over they come and stare at us.

The fog has relented and the sun has come out. Clouds have blown away. The sun, bright and white, pours down, although the air is still chilly. There are four hours to go now, and I am second. My recorder, John Legge, who had introduced himself before the race, comes down from the stands with a little piece of paper in one hand and waits at a quiet corner of the track. He has run one of these monsters himself. He does not appear capable of such madness; with his bulky white sweater, casual slacks and glasses below the tumbled brown hair, he looks like a professor of economics on a Sunday afternoon in the park. His manner is quiet but his words are firm.

"You're simply urinating too much," he says. "You lose a minute every time you stop. You're in second place and Gordon Peddie is third, about 11 laps in back of you. All you have to do is keep running steadily, not faster, just steadily, and you have no idea how hard it is for someone to make up time on you. Just think about that."

It warms me to have an ally. Someone wants me to be second. It is like a strong voice coming from across the room that no one else

can hear. He has been through it; he knows. He has watched me all night; he radiates conviction as well as warning. I apply myself to my work, continue to bear down. Brusquely I refuse drinks, like a reformed alcoholic.

A tall, familiar figure smiles at me and hurries alongside as I creak past. It is close to 11 a.m., and Statistician Andy Milroy, fresh from pencil and paper and a stimulating night helping count laps, has news for me.

"In a little while you're going to get the American 200-kilometer record," he says. I didn't even know there was such a thing.

"Are you sure?" I ask. "What about Park Barber—he's run further than where I'll get today, so he must have gone through faster."

Milroy shakes his head.

"No one took down his 200-K time, so you're it. You'll break Ted Corbitt's mark of 20:59:41. Even if you walk you'll get it."

FINAL RESULTS OF 24-HOUR RACE

RUNNER	AFFILIATION	MILES	YARDS
1. D. Jones	Blackburn Harriers	153	1,143
2. J. Record	Australia	142	1,644
3. G. Peddie	Epson and Ewell Harriers	140	1,219
4. J. Shapiro	U.S.A.	138	1,228
5. F. Thomas	Chelmsford A.C.	135	1,133
6. D. Atwell	Altrincham A.C.	133	448
7. M. Campbell	Notts. A.C.	128	1,333
8. M. Moilanen	Finland	127	1,605
9. J. Briault	U.S.A.	125	1,031
10. K. Shaw	Cambridge Harriers	123	633
11. B. Slade	Exeter Harriers	122	1,497
12. R. Holmes	Notts. A.C.	112	1,617
13. P. Hart	Leamington Cycling & A.C.	108	684
14. M. Newton	South London Harriers	104	1,561
15. J. Knippenberg	Netherlands	89	840
16. D. Rutche	Forres Harriers	54	1,197
17. B. Harney	Rotherham Harriers	43	1,310

continued



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A new advance in family 4-wheelers.

Exciting news for 1980: Bronco introduces Twin-Traction Beam, the only truck in its class with independent front suspension. Feel the difference on the road. And off.

Ford's new design Bronco gives you the best estimated mpg of any V-8 4-wheeler. Trim new size outside for easy maneuvering. All-new interior with more front leg room, improved climate control, new anti-theft features.

Bronco's built tough on a truck chassis, tested tough at Ford's Arizona Proving Ground. Test it at your Ford Dealer. Ask about Ford's corrosion perforation warranty. It's a no-cost 36-month limited warranty that excludes exhaust system components. And ask about Ford's Extended Service Plan, too.



Roomy interior has all-new styling, options like tilt steering wheel, reclining Captain's Chairs up front, AM/FM stereo with cassette or 8-track tape player.

BEST V-8 ESTIMATED MPG

15 mpg
EPA EST.*

Optional 5.0L (302 CID)
V-8 with automatic transmission.

*Compare this estimate with others. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. California excluded.



New Bronco choices include six roof colors. Above: Landau Tu-Tone with accent tape stripes. At top: Free Wheeling Bronco shown with optional tri-color tape stripe, styled steel wheels, RWL tires, and more.



Independent front suspension eases wheels over bumps separately to give a better ride than last year. Helps off-road control.

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I ponder that for an instant. It seems odd to walk one's way to an American record, not quite what I had imagined in my fantasies, but I won't be choosy. I will walk to it if I have to. Luckily I'm still going, although, as I heard later, what passed for a grin was actually a grimace. Sometimes I remember to unhook my face and bring my flapping arms down. And the feet are still moving. I get very happy about a record, though there are funny aspects to this record business you don't learn beforehand. To stand where no man has stood before... well, I'd found Coke signs in the Amazon jungle and ghostly footprints on the 200-K record, but I wasn't returning any gifts today.

At 20:14:04 I go through the record for 200 kilometers, which is 124.2 miles. I was never sure exactly which footsteps did it, and the scoreboard took a while to get it up there. The next goal becomes 130 miles. A note in the program says only 24 athletes have run more than 120 miles in 24 hours, and I know now that each mile will begin to place me higher in the world rankings maintained by the English Road Runners Club. All the same, without really noticing, I start to walk longish stretches. I am getting very tired of pushing. The steel bands my thighs are encased in have pinched my flesh so long that I am just plain weary of being weary. All the same I try little surges, but I find I am breathing heavily just maintaining my pace. My hair, which I had vowed not to cut until the race was over, is very long and curly. Although most of it is packed out of sight beneath a wool ski cap, long strands limp with sweat and moisture from the nighttime fog dangle in a Rastafarian manner on all sides.

Legge appears again. I brace myself for bad news.

"You're not doing badly," he says. "You can get to 140 miles or more if you just remember what I'm telling you about keeping some kind of speed up. You're really doing very well."

O.K., O.K., I breathe to myself. One, two, three, four. Push, carry, stumble on.

John waits again.

"Very good," he says.

Crashing and rumbling inside, I plow on as twigs and bones snap underfoot. My right foot is giving out now. A big fat cramp is building. Try picking up... Oh Jesus does that hurt... Forget it, we'll just back away a little now... Maybe just ease off and walk... I can't, there's John waiting for me. I'll show him I can run to where he is.

"Fine," he says.

Two miles to go to Ted Corbitt's 24-hour record. Ted is a friend. The first 24-hour I ever read about was his 134 miles, 782 yards in 1973 in England. I have heard him talk about it. I can't help it now that I am at 132½ miles, but I am walking. I keep promising myself I will run to it, but I keep putting it off. Perhaps I cannot. Then with two laps to go, I feel the only honorable way to pay homage to Ted's effort is to feel it as deeply as I can, so I ram myself into a trot. This version of running could be easily outwalked by a fast walker, but I guess I realize there is nothing left to be ashamed of, nothing left to have false pride about. It is the best I can do. It gets a little better, actually, as I go. Phew, one lap over. Good God, a whole other one now. I will break it into sections. Run this curve. Fine. Now down the

straight. I keep laying mental track, not too much, don't overload the system, and I go through where I imagine the mark is. If there were time to rest and take it in, I would cry. Maybe I do in a half-strangled kind of way. So I have finally gotten somewhere. I don't know entirely why this is where it feels like I have done something, but it is. Out here the air is very thin. Anyone else who's climbed up to this vicinity knows what it means to wheeze for oxygen. They're pals.

"Good," John says, after he sees me hug a few people celebrating this record. "Now keep that up. Don't let your emotion make you lose sight of your work. You must keep moving. Walk if you must and then run. Come on."

I do try for a while, but I feel I can do little more than try not to crumble too quickly. After a conference among my friends, Joe is appointed to tell me that I am losing second place and slipping down into third. Then fourth. It hardly surprises me. Peddie and I have been jabbering at each other a little bit about being so close. I hear a coach or a friend yelling at Peddie. "Pick it up, will you. The American's just four laps ahead of you."

I feel the equivalent of a grim smile. It's odd being "the American," being someone anyone would bother to chase. I find I simply don't care. Now I want to get to the mark of 136 miles, 716 yards, established by Don Choi of the U.S. in 1978, and I grind along at a fairly brisk walk.

I reach Choi's mark around 23 hours. It is the last briar on the footpath. Park Barner's American record is still 24 miles or so beyond where I am likely to get, impossibly far off. Now I am No. 2 American on the alltime list. I am exhausted finally, truly and profoundly, and although I feel satisfaction, it is dim compared to my present struggle.

"You must push on," John warns me. "Can't you run a little bit now?"

"I'll try," I say, but I don't believe I can do it.

The loudspeaker announces that Peddie is now half a lap ahead of me. That stings me, so I lurch into a duckfooted wobble. Straight pain on the thighs. There is no way to express it, and my mind, often so happy to chew on verbal models of the world, is empty. It had occurred to me before the race that it would be reasonable to run 23 hours and just sit out the last hour. I consider it now. What more can I do? Is it worth pushing on in such a wretched state for the sake of a mile or so?

But the race is the distance covered and it is done, however one looks doing it. John is waiting again.

"Can't you run a little?" he asks.

Finally I am honest.

"I can't. My legs are absolutely shot."

"O.K.," he says. "But keep going. You may have Peddie and Record ahead of you but they're not moving very fast. There's still a chance. This is where it matters, because later you'll wish you'd pushed in a little more. You can still get to 140."

It's now three o'clock in the afternoon. There's just one hour to go. Now that I have no hope of running I can't imagine walking for another 60 minutes. I think of just walking to 45 minutes to go and then I'll quit. I pretend I have something to look forward to.

continued

Support comes from clumps of spectators:

"Come on, you're doing fabulous."

"Splendid running!"

"Great."

"Well done, lad."

It may be a mistake for a sufferer from frostbite to put his icy limbs next to a blazing heap of logs and then go out in the cold again. The spectators urge us on to more punishment. I am walking as fast as I can, aware at times I must look mad and ludicrous.

Hart, with a foot that flaps crazily out to one side, stamps along like a weary version of Ahab on the quarterdeck. Campbell still puts on bursts. Record seems jolly and full of fire. At some point he gets the Australian mark for a 24-hour race. Peddie claps me on the back and calls me Matey—I quiver under such blows of friendship. Bristol makes his turtle war, looking as though he might go mildly on at his 2-mph speed into the next night. Jones, firmly in the lead, begins to drift into fast walking as the hour wears on. He had a chance at the world record for a while, but now he is on course for somewhere in the 150s.

Forty-five minutes left. I feel dizzy and stumble sometimes. I put myself on the outer edge of the lane, anxious not to block anyone's progress. It means more distance for myself—even a handful of yards seems to weigh heavily at this point—but I don't care.

John is waiting for me. "Come on," he says.

I nod and say nothing. I need air. Whoever heard of wheezing at a walk?

"You've had far less bad patch than anyone else out here," John says. "You've been very steady. Keep going."

I might get cross if I am pushed anymore. I snarl a little when offered drinks. Oh God, this is so long. I never knew walking could be so tiresome. It is not pain I feel, but sinking. My involvement with the world grows dimmer. It occurs to me it would be nice to keel over. There is a period from 40 minutes to go to 20 minutes to go in which it is truly a long time. Nothing is near at hand to sustain one. It seems . . . not impossible, but almost impossible to bother with any more, but I do; I do not know exactly how or why. Finally it is gone. A bad patch like that is like a dueling scar, a private one. Never afterward in your little war story can you be cheap about what you did or how easy it was. Because it was a hard dimension, a stony place you traveled through. It humbles one, burns off unnecessary fluff. Later, remembrance will fade, leaving little trace of where you plunged underground.

At 15 minutes to go I feel my entire body surge with excitement. I ask again for my exact mileage. The motion is plodding and the breathing labored, but dammit, I want every yard now. I can afford to pour out the last drops of reserve. I grab the race program, which contains a list of the top world performances, and look to see who is within my grasp. Morelli of Italy, 222.4 kilometers. Unsuspectingly, he dreams on his bed of ink and paper while I plod on to seize possession of his house.

Five minutes to go. Now we are all whipped up. The crowd calls out—"Come on! You can do it! Let's go! Great job!" We all respond as best we can. A mad notion of trying to run again seizes me. Well, why not? But let's not rush such things. I keep walking as fast as I can. Anything can be tolerated now. Although I do not notice it, I learn later that some of those who watch are crying. And some of the recorders who labored for so long to keep track of their flock cry as well.

Three minutes. There is something lovely happening now, the general awareness of the brevity of all time—long or short—the funny, madcap, unbelievable adventure coming to a close. Adam, a friend, had said the day before that he wondered about the worth of such a venture. Later, after witnessing the will that drove the scrambling, strung-out mob forward in the last few moments, he said that it may not have had much meaning beyond what it was in terms of ordinary worth, but that it was worth doing for its own sake. It was very special.

I lumber past Jack. We give each other a quick sideways hug, and then I am off to get in a few more meters.

Two minutes to go. I break into an insane canter, the weakened superstructure seetering, the cordage of tendons and muscles creaking like rigging under too-full sail, but the bark holds, and noses forward. God, how people are yelling!

One minute to go. I go round the curve, mad as a hatter,

past the yelling furies. Someone runs toward me with an orange traffic cone, the final marker of my voyage. A gun fires and the cone goes

down with a whump. I stop a stride or two later and bend forward, hands on knees, chest heaving. Some strangled half-broken sobs, and at last the long sought release comes, the tide of emotion lifts the forlorn boat out of the mudbanks. I paddle around in my little puddle of joy. Isn't it nice to feel so good? Down the backs of my legs comes a strong physical feeling of release and warmth. There are hugs, pictures, handshakes, congratulations all around. Word comes that I have covered 138 miles, 1,228 yards for fourth place. It is not 140 miles and it is not a lot of other things, but for what it is I am profoundly grateful. I am content at last.

The survivors clump in toward a bench. Jones, a blue-lipped winner at 153 miles, 1,143 yards, holds the Percy Cerutti Cup aloft and drinks some ale from it. We pass it around. Jones gives a little speech. A bank of faces close in on every side. It is a happy feeling to be among friends.

Adam drives me back to the hotel, and after a hot tub and some food, I am left alone to sleep. Only, as I know from before, there will be no sleep. Toenails are torn from their moorings, broken clumps of blisters weep between the toes and the harsh recriminations of overtaxed feet and shins make sleepiness a torment. Ending the race is just the beginning. The body claims its due. The cave beckons, and I must lick my wounds after the hunt, until driven by hunger to go out again on the long chase.

This is an excerpt from the book "Ultramarathon," by James E. Shapiro and Joe Greene, to be published by Banam Books

Is the All-American game going into sudden death?

"Clean up football or abolish it," President Theodore Roosevelt ordered the organizers of college football in 1905 after eighteen players died during one season. The warning was heeded.

Almost seventy-five years later, from Pop Warner to the pros, football is in trouble again. This time, according to *Sports Illustrated* senior writer John Underwood, the warnings are being ignored:

- a million high school players hurt
- a 100% injury rate among NFL players
- Sanctioned violence and dangerous equipment
- Win-or-else coaches
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 14-20

Compiled by ROY S. JOHNSON

BOXING—**EDDIE MUSTAFA MUHAMMAD** scored a 10-round TKO over Jerry Martin to retain his WBA light-heavyweight crown, in McAlester, N.J.

GYMNASIUM—**JOOP ZOETEMELK** of The Netherlands finished a 53 ahead of countryman Henric Kuiper to win the 22-day, 1,949-run Tour de France.

GOLF—**TOM WATSON** that a 13-under-par 278 to win the British Open by five strokes over Lee Trevino at Muirfield, Scotland (page 25).

PAT BRADLEY shot a 13-under-par 206 to beat Nancy Lopez-Morfin by a stroke and win the \$100,000 Greater Baltimore Classic.

SCOTT HOCH defeated Curtis Strange by three strokes with a 14-under-par 264 to win the \$200,000 Quad Cities Open in Coal Valley, Ill.

HARNESS RACING—**PIATROSS** (\$2,000) driven by Chris Gellman, defeated Storm Danzig (\$2,000) to win the \$11,000 Meadowlands Pace. The colt ran the mile in a 3-year-old pace record 1:53 1/10 (page 20).

HORSE RACING—**WINTER'S TALE** (\$4,000) ridden by Jeffery Hall, won the \$217,000 Brooklyn Handicap at Belmont by five lengths over State Dream. The 4-year-old gelding covered the 1 1/4 miles in 2:28 1/2.

SPECTACULAR BID (\$2,100), bid \$100,000, up beat Bid Your Truck by 10 lengths to win the \$259,000 Washington Park Stakes at Arlington. The 4-year-old colt ran a track record 1:46 1/10 for the 1/4 mile.

XIII OLYMPIC GAMES (page 10)—**CYCLING**, 100-kilometer, Men, 1) YURI KASHIRIN, 2) OLEG LOGVIN, 3) SERGEI SHEPKOV, 4) ANATOLI HARBIN (1) S.S.R., 2) East Germany, 3) Czechoslovakia.

PISTOL SHOOTING, 50-meter, 1) ALEXANDER MELLENTEV (U.S.S.R.), with a world-record 281 points, 2) Rainer Volkmann (East Germany), 3) Luboslav Dzhakov (Bulgaria).

SWIMMING, 200-meter, Butterfly, Men, 1) SERGEI PISENKO (U.S.S.R.), 2) Phil Hildner (West Germany), 3) Roger Pictet (East Germany), 4) a 100-meter Midway Relay, Women, 1) CAREN WITTSCHUL, RICA RENZI, ANTORIA POLLOCK, UTE GRENGLER (East Germany), 2) a world record 4:06.67, 3) Great Britain, 4) U.S.S.R.

WEIGHTLIFTING, 57-kilo class, 1) KANISHER SONPALHEE (U.S.S.R.), 2) Ho Bong Chol (North Korea), 3) Han Gwang Si (North Korea), weight 113 kg, set a world record in the snatch competition.

SOCCER—**NASL**, Though eight teams were undefeated, all eyes were on two clubs—New York and Seattle—that had not won an NFL game since 1970. The Cosmos won 10-0 and were meeting on Sunday the league's first encounter between two of the week's three best teams on a goal and an assist by league-scoring leader Giorgio Chinaglia. Earlier in the week, the Cosmos (11-7) lost to Philadelphia (7-15) for the first time ever, 2-4, and the Sounders (2-4) had their eighth game win snatched 3-2 by Washington (10-12). New England (14-10) ran its string of consecutive victories to five, beating Rochester (10-12) 3-0 and Edmonton (11-11) 3-1. ASC Cement-Building Chicago (11-8) also defeated the Sounders 2-1 before losing Tulsa 1-1. While the Roughnecks (10-13) were losing their seventh straight, Dallas (11-11) saw its recent surge end in a 1-0 loss to Portland (8-15) 3-2 in a shootout, and 2-1 to Minnesota (10-11) who moved into second place in the NSC. Central at Tulsa fell to third. Tampa Bay (14-11) now shares the ASC lead with San Jose (14-11) 1-0. The Revolution beat San Jose (7-17) 3-0 before losing to San Diego (12-11) three days later by the identical score.

ASL, Miami, which took over the American Conference lead by default when Sacramento went out of business early in the week, held on to the top spot despite being swept during a three-game road swing, losing 3-1 in New York, 1-0 in California and 3-2 at Grizzlies. Gaia National Conference leader Columbus got a 2-1 tie in Cleveland as Defender Daniel Manassero scored both Magic goals before losing to the United 4-2 in New York.

SWIMMING—**PETER SCHMIDT** of Canada broke the world record in the men's 400-meter freestyle, 7:11 when he was timed in 3:50.49 in Eilat, Ontario. The previous mark was set earlier this year by Vladimir Salnikov of the U.S.S.R.

TENNIS—**EDDIE DIKES** defeated Gene Mayer 6-2, 6-1 to win the \$175,000 U.S. Pro Championship in Brooklyn, Mass.

TRACK & FIELD—**MARY DECKER** bettered by 3 of a second her own world-old American record in the women's 1,500-meter run when she won in 4:00.9 at the Liberty Bell Classic meet in Philadelphia (page 18).

PHILIPPE BOUYFON of France established a world record in the pole vault with a leap of 18' 31" in Paris. He surpassed the mark set earlier this year by countryman Thierry Vigneron by three-quarters of an inch. In the same meet, Greg Varga broke the American record for 10,000 meters in 27:29.2, which was 10.2 seconds better than the mark he set in 1979.

STEVE OVIETT of England ran 1,500 meters in 3:22.1 in Oslo to set the world record set last year by countryman Sebastian Coe.

MISLEADS—**ELECTED** JUAN ANTONIO SAMARANCH, 66, an industrialist and the Spanish ambassador to the Soviet Union, as the eighth president of the International Olympic Committee. A member of the IOC since 1966, he succeeded Lord Killanin of Ireland.

Hired, As coach of the NBA expansion Dallas Mavericks, **DICK MUTTA**, 48, the special-mathematics science coach in the league, with a 341-143 record after eight seasons in Chicago and four at Wake Forest. Ten of Mutta's 12 teams have made the playoffs, including the 1971-72 Bulls, who won the NBA championship.

NAMED, As football coach at Army, **ED CAVANALIGH**, 51, to replace Lou Saban, who resigned last week after a 2-8-8 record in his only season. Cavanaugh, who had been Army's offensive line coach, was the head coach at Idaho State from 1964 through 1991, during which he had a 20-19 record, and was then an assistant under Saban for the Buffalo Bills until 1975.

DIED, Former Auburn football coach (1951-75) **RALPH SLOUGH JORDAN**, 69, of leukemia, in Auburn, Ala. In his 25 seasons guiding the Tigers, he had a record of 175-83-7, including 12 bowl appearances and a national title (1957).

HENRY A. (Emory) **VICK**, 80, a scholar for the 1926 world champion Cardinals and an All-American center at Michigan in 1921, is Ann Arbor. He also played for the Chicago Bears in the late 1930s and was a long-time official for the Big Ten.

CREDITS

4—Evelyn Frazier, 10—Jerry Cooke, 12—Jerry Cooke (right), 13—Jerry Cooke, 14—Jerry Cooke (left), 15—Jerry Cooke (right), 16—Jerry Cooke (left), 17—Jerry Cooke (right), 18—Jerry Cooke (left), 19—Jerry Cooke (right), 20—Jerry Cooke (left), 21—Jerry Cooke (right), 22—Jerry Cooke (left), 23—Jerry Cooke (right), 24—Jerry Cooke (left), 25—Jerry Cooke (right), 26—Jerry Cooke (left), 27—Jerry Cooke (right), 28—Jerry Cooke (left), 29—Jerry Cooke (right), 30—Jerry Cooke (left), 31—Jerry Cooke (right), 32—Jerry Cooke (left), 33—Jerry Cooke (right), 34—Jerry Cooke (left), 35—Jerry Cooke (right), 36—Jerry Cooke (left), 37—Jerry Cooke (right), 38—Jerry Cooke (left), 39—Jerry Cooke (right), 40—Jerry Cooke (left), 41—Jerry Cooke (right), 42—Jerry Cooke (left), 43—Jerry Cooke (right), 44—Jerry Cooke (left), 45—Jerry Cooke (right), 46—Jerry Cooke (left), 47—Jerry Cooke (right), 48—Jerry Cooke (left), 49—Jerry Cooke (right), 50—Jerry Cooke (left), 51—Jerry Cooke (right), 52—Jerry Cooke (left), 53—Jerry Cooke (right), 54—Jerry Cooke (left), 55—Jerry Cooke (right), 56—Jerry Cooke (left), 57—Jerry Cooke (right), 58—Jerry Cooke (left), 59—Jerry Cooke (right), 60—Jerry Cooke (left), 61—Jerry Cooke (right), 62—Jerry Cooke (left), 63—Jerry Cooke (right), 64—Jerry Cooke (left), 65—Jerry Cooke (right), 66—Jerry Cooke (left), 67—Jerry Cooke (right), 68—Jerry Cooke (left), 69—Jerry Cooke (right), 70—Jerry Cooke (left), 71—Jerry Cooke (right), 72—Jerry Cooke (left), 73—Jerry Cooke (right), 74—Jerry Cooke (left), 75—Jerry Cooke (right), 76—Jerry Cooke (left), 77—Jerry Cooke (right), 78—Jerry Cooke (left), 79—Jerry Cooke (right), 80—Jerry Cooke (left), 81—Jerry Cooke (right), 82—Jerry Cooke (left), 83—Jerry Cooke (right), 84—Jerry Cooke (left), 85—Jerry Cooke (right), 86—Jerry Cooke (left), 87—Jerry Cooke (right), 88—Jerry Cooke (left), 89—Jerry Cooke (right), 90—Jerry Cooke (left), 91—Jerry Cooke (right), 92—Jerry Cooke (left), 93—Jerry Cooke (right), 94—Jerry Cooke (left), 95—Jerry Cooke (right), 96—Jerry Cooke (left), 97—Jerry Cooke (right), 98—Jerry Cooke (left), 99—Jerry Cooke (right), 100—Jerry Cooke (left).

FACES IN THE CROWD



KIM RUGGLES
Nashville, Ill.

Kim, an eighth-grader at Nashville Middle School, ended the regular track season 26-0 in the 100- and 220-yard dashes and the long jump, was a member of a 440-yard relay team that won seven races and led the Hornets to the state class 5 mile.



BILL HANCOCK
Gaines Pointe Woods, Idaho

Bill, a pitcher at Grouse Pointe North High, led the Hornets to the state class A title with five wins, including two no-hitters, in the state tournament. For the season, the junior had a record of 13-0, with a 2.27 ERA and batted .365.



BETTY PROHASKO
Lodi, N.J.

Mrs. Prohasko, 50, defeated 20-year-old Charlotte Grant 2-up in Hendersonville for her sixth Tennessee women's amateur golf championship and 10th title of one state or another. She has won at least one such crown in each of five decades.



DOUG HEISH
New York City

Doug, 10, became the youngest player ever to win a regional championship in the American Contract Bridge League when he teamed with Paul Soloway to take the men's pairs title in Anchorage, Alaska. The six-man team of which Doug was a member also won the Open Swiss title there, and his older brother, Billy, 11, teamed with four others to win the Master's team title. Billy also became the youngest-ever Life Master when he captured his 360th Master point at a tournament in Canada.



LAMAR HURD
Seattle

LaMar, a recent graduate of Graceland High, won three events at the state AAA track meet in Burien. His 110-meter hurdles (13.9) in the prelims tied a state record, long jump and triple jump. He will attend Oregon on a track grant.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BEANBALLS

Sir,

They're Up in Arms over Beanballs (July 14) brought out the shameful fact that baseball is turning into "Friday night at the fights."

ADAM MATZA
Miami

Sir,

The other day I missed a two-foot putt on the 17th green and a three-footer on 18. Those two shots cost me \$5. So, I immediately went home and beat my wife, feeling altogether justified because I had earlier read these words of wisdom from Mets Pitcher Pat Zachry: "After two home runs, a guy should expect something inside."

The pitchers are obviously right on the beanball issue. The logic of "left-handed philosophy" Bill Lee, for example, is perceptive. Lee embraces Robert Ardrey's premise that man is basically an aggressive animal, and if a hitter gets so aggressive as to bite into a pitcher's territory by getting close to the plate, then, by God, he ought to be nailed. And tough luck if he has no retaliation against a pitcher who bites into his territory except by getting a bone hit. Few base hits break pitchers' jaws or wrists or fingers.

The finest statement of the pitchers' case comes from Ross Grimsley: injuries caused by pitched balls are the fault of the batter. As Grimsley so sagaciously puts it: "If they had reacted better, they probably wouldn't have been seriously hurt. Veterans know what to do when a pitch is going to hit them..."

To be sure, Ray Chapman should have reacted better, but then he had only played nine seasons in the majors—make that eight seasons and 111 games.

K. PATRICK LOLLAR
Springfield, Mo.

Sir,

A gold star to Dan Biliotti for his excellent photograph of the Mets' Eliot Maddox getting hit by a pitch. The expression on Maddox' face at the crushing impact of the baseball was truly priceless. However, do not fear, bruised baseball. Not one active player is within 125 HBPs of the record set by Ron Hum, who was hit by pitches a record 243 times.

DON RUSSELL
Lynn, Mass.

Sir,

A simple solution to the problem of beanballs would be to award second base to a hit batsman instead of first.

THOMAS WALESKI
Norfolk, Mass.

Sir,

One of the most alluring things about base-

ball is its nostalgic past. I am fascinated by stories of Ty Cobb "sliding into second with his spikes flying" and Sal Maglie "shaving the hitters' heads." But I never got the feeling that such acts were sadistic or unsportsmanlike. Baseball is an aggressive game. A few scratches or other minor "war injuries" are relatively painless and sometimes even a source of pride. But when it comes to throwing at a guy's head with intent to maim him, something's gone dreadfully wrong. Past a certain limit competitive aggression goes beyond human decency. I hope the players will realize this before anything happens to alter and, perhaps, ruin the national pastime.

MARK SEGEL
Flushing, N.Y.

OLD PARKS (CONT.)

Sir,

Oscar Wilde once wrote, "In this world there are only two tragedies. One is not getting what one wants, and the other is getting it." E.M. Swift's adept analysis of the typical Wrigley Field inhabitants (*One Place That Hasn't Seen the Light*, July 7) illustrates this point perfectly.

In every Cub fan is a deep-rooted fear of winning. Defeat provides nothing but the first step to something better. There is a manic enthusiasm that sprouts out of a string of Chicago lean years, an enthusiasm that grows as years pass. Where would a Cub fan be without knowing there is nowhere to go but up?

PAUL LEMCKE
Palm Desert, Calif.

B-JORN AGAIN

Sir,

Your coverage of the Borg-McEnroe match was superb and your photography magnificent. It was so good, in fact, that it reveals the secret of McEnroe's "high loud one," as depicted on page 20. His fist is clearly on the line, if not over, which in either case is a foot fault. Does McEnroe's disposition keep line judges from making such calls, or should we say this one was just missed?

JOEL THEM
Fon Wayne, Ind.



THE CAMERA GIVES MAC A FOOT FAULT

Sir,

What a pleasure it was to read Frank Deford's account of Wimbledon 1980 in the July 14 issue. What insight! His statement that the magnificent Bjorn Borg "enhanced his reputation, because the character of his performance surpassed the achievement [of winning] itself" was the most perceptive piece of commentary I've read about this great match.

Deford's was a summary appropriate to the greatest match in tennis history. I thank him most deeply, for it.

SEEDMAN MATTHEW
Brooklyn

Sir,

They say a picture is worth 1,000 words. The picture of John McEnroe lying face down on the grass of Wimbledon's famed Centre Court told the story of the greatest match in the history of tennis.

My congratulations to photographer Walter Iacono Jr.

CHAD MCAFEE
Sacramento

ADDITION

Sir,

Mr. Johnson should follow up *Marching to Euphoria* (July 14) with an article on the dangers of sleeping. I am sure that he could find an individual who continued to sleep after repeatedly falling out of bed. And he could find many others who could give psychological reasons for their excessive sleep habits (seven hours or more).

Research has shown that sleep brings on a euphoric sensation, is addicting, and causes an individual to ignore family and work while doing it.

DONALD CLARDY
Greenville, Tenn.

Sir,

Having been addicted to SI since it first appeared in my vaguely recalled youth, I now find that, what with my compulsive/obsessive running, I barely have time to read it.

But *Marching to Euphoria* has forced me to confront what a misanthropic reclusé I have become. I am even now, in this brief moment of leisure, beginning to twitch guiltily, anticipating the jog out to the post office with this letter as my atonement.

However, I now know what I must do to cure this insidious dependence. Please, for my sake, cancel my subscription to SI. But not before the next year's NBA preview issue with all the scouting reports.

LEN ASHMO
Laramie, Wyo.

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

Sir:

I am saving the article to show my track coach. Maybe we won't have to run as many miles in practice if he sees how too much running can affect an athlete!

DLEEE PETERSON
Ladysmith, Wis.

Sir:

I enjoyed your article on running addiction and was gratified to be so widely quoted in it. May I ask, however, why you chose to include the irrelevant and puerile remarks of Mr. Shorter?

This disdainful, aging campus wit appears to know little of human feeling and behavior, or of himself!

VICTOR A. ALTSHUL, M.D.
New Haven, Conn.

Sir:

Just yesterday my mother said she thought I was spending too much time running, but if she ever read *Marching to Ephraim* she would put my running shoes out to be taken away with Thursday's trash!

BILL SCHODENMAKER
Derby Conn.

PADDLED POET

Sir:

My English teacher told us that she wanted us to read some good stories and poetry during the summer. I never would have guessed that the good poetry was going to be written by L.A. Receiver Preston Dennyard (He's Poetry in Motion, July 14).

CARL W. ANDERSON
Ebensburg, Pa.

Sir:

*Dennyard marveled at succeeding
But usually ended up exceeding
He's always at ease
Which makes life seem like a breeze*

*His writings in poetry
Contain some controversy
He hopes his thoughts are shared with
others
Don't worry, I'm one of your believing
brothers.*

STEVE CARDARELLI
SIOUX, OHIO

HELP

Sir:

Please help settle a friendly argument. Regarding the photo of Tom Hinman on pages 12 and 13 in the July 7 issue (*Trying Hard to Go Nowhere*), did photographer Rich Clarkson position himself underneath the crossbar to snap the shot, or did he stand off to the side and place his camera in the pit area?

JIM BOUDET
Cupertino, Calif.

• Clarkson positioned a remote camera in the pit.—ED

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